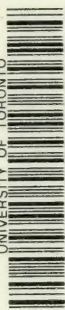



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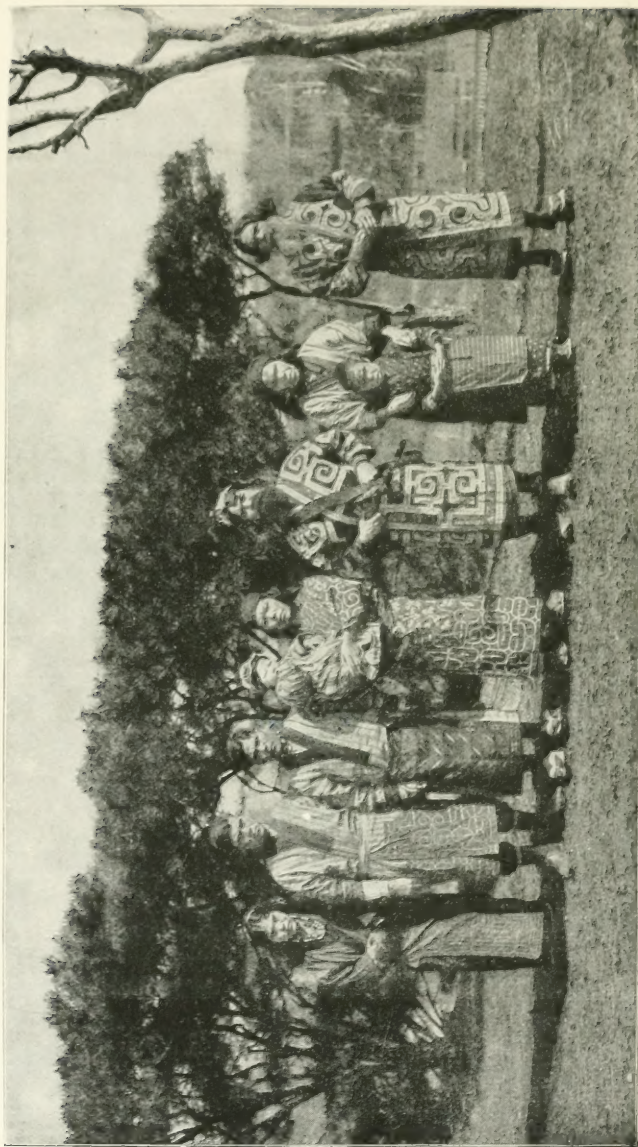
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THE AINU GROUP (AT TOKIO).

THE  
**AINU GROUP**

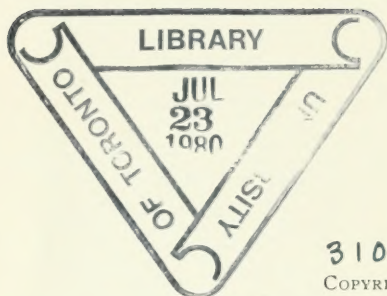
At the Saint Louis Exposition

BY  
**FREDERICK STARR**

CHICAGO  
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1904

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1904.





This book is dedicated  
to  
W J MCGEE,  
Who made my Ainu trip possible,  
and to  
JOHN BATCHELOR,  
Who made it a success.



## PREFACE

This book does not pretend to be a study of the Ainu. It is a simple narrative of my journey in Yezo and a description of the group of Ainu that I brought to this country. It is true that I sketch some features of Ainu life and suggest some questions regarding this peculiarly interesting people. Readers who wish fuller information will find much in Rev. John Batchelor's books.



## THE AINU GROUP

The most characteristic feature of the St. Louis Exposition is life, action. To a greater degree than in any preceding Exposition the buildings are full of action — machinery is in motion, artisans are at work, things are being done. This characteristic is found in the Department of Anthropology as well as in those of Machinery and the Liberal Arts. While it is true that it presents cases filled with objects, diagrams, maps, pictures, models, the usual dead material of Ethnographical and Archæological Museums, it is also true that it has lavished its main effort upon the outdoor Ethnological Exhibit, where representatives of upwards of thirty living tribes are to be seen in native dress, living in houses of their own construction, cooking and eating the food to which they are accustomed at home, and practising those simple arts and industries, which they have, themselves, developed. Among these many groups, from North and South America, from Africa and Asia, is a little group of the Ainu from Northern Japan, a people who are, for many reasons, of exceptional interest.

In August of 1903, I was approached with the



proposition that I should go to Japan to secure this group and bring it to this country. The plans for the expedition were finally completed in January of 1904, and on the 14th of that month I left St. Louis with one companion, my young Mexican photographer, Manuel Gonzales. Our journey to Yokohama was uneventful. We reached there on February 9th and went up to Tokio on the 10th, where a stop of several days was necessary for making preparations, seeing Japanese officials, securing letters, etc. It was on the night of the day of our arrival there, that the Japanese declaration of war against Russia was made. Not the most favorable hour for asking aid, in a purely scientific enterprise of no public or political character, from busy officials! But, through this period of stress and preparation, of despatching troops and moving war equipment, we were never disturbed or delayed in our mission; those officials, whom we were obliged to meet, received us with the same courtesy and attended to our requests with the same care and promptness, as if it were a time of complete peace. We were profoundly impressed by the business-like and energetic way in which all was done and by the deep feeling, though calm and quiet, among the people. Japan has gone into this war through necessity; she did all in her power to avoid hostilities. But, in going into the war, she expects to win. This expectation is no idle exhibition of over-confidence.

She fully realizes the enormous advantages Russia has in size, in numbers, and in resources; but, she expects, nevertheless, to gain the victory, for she feels that it is a question of life and death. The struggle is no new one; nor is it unforeseen. For more than a century, Japanese patriotic writers have urged their nation to prepare herself to resist the aggressions of her powerful neighbor; in 1791 Toshiakira made "a plea for the development of Yezo, in view of Russian aggression." In 1801 Yamada Ren made "a passionate appeal for colonizing Yezo and thus forestalling the designs of Russia . . . ."

The Ainu are not rovers. It is certainly a rare thing for members of the race to leave their home. They have aroused interest for two thousand years. The Chinese Annals tell of four *mao jin*, "hairy men," who were ship-wrecked on the Chinese coast in the year 310 A. D. In 650 A. D. some of them accompanied a Japanese Embassy to China. So far as we know, none have since left Japan until this group was brought to this country in 1904. It is true that they sometimes form one of the attractions in Japanese circuses and, in 1903, a group of them was shown at the Osaka Exposition, where they attracted a great deal of attention and were so sadly spoiled and corrupted, that we were specially warned against having anything to do with any of the group.

During our stay at Tokio, we visited the Im-

perial University, where we found the Department of Anthropology well organized, with Prof. Tsuboi at its head. It should be better housed than it is, but it occupies two entire buildings, one of which is used for recitation rooms, reading room and laboratory and the other as a Museum, in which Japan and her dependencies are chiefly represented. Here we saw extensive collections illustrating the archæology of Japan — which like the rest of the world has had a Stone Age — and the ethnography of the Ainu and the populations of the Loo Choo Islands, the Bonin Islands, and Formosa. We were most interested in the Ainu collections, which are varied and represent arts and industries, weapons, tools, dress, ornament, etc. Were we not about to see all these in actual life in Ainu homes, we should speak of them in detail. Probably the largest collection of Ainu skeletal material in the world is in the University Laboratory; it has been carefully studied and described by a Japanese, Koganei.

When on Monday, February 15th, we were ready to start northward things looked squally. It was reported that communication was interrupted. Four Russian gunboats, from Vladivostock, had attacked and sunk a merchant vessel at the Straits of Tsugaru. We were advised to wait in Tokio until the announcement of resumption of communication should be made. Time, however, was precious. We determined to go on to Aomori

as if nothing had occurred, and, if we actually found no steamer about to sail, to make our way overland to the northernmost village on the Hondo, and thence, hiring a fishing-boat and hoisting an American flag, to cross to the nearest point of the Island of Yezo. Our railroad journey to Aomori was a matter of some twenty hours. We left Tokio with no snow anywhere in sight, save on Fuji's summit; when we looked out in the early morning of the next day, we were in the midst of winter. Snow covered the whole landscape, not fresh-fallen snow, but a sheet that had already been there for weeks and months. Aomori itself is a quaint fishing-town and port. Snow lay five or six feet deep in the middle of the street. Shops and houses are built close together, and have a continuous passageway or corridor before them. One may walk, outside, in the middle of the road, on the elevated snow-way, or inside, on the ground level, under shelter of the corridor. Here and there, narrow ways, with steps, cut in the snow permit passage up and down from one to the other way. The markets are interesting, particularly the fish-markets; not only does one see there fishes of ordinary kinds, both large and small, but flat-fish, such as soles and skates, cuttle-fishes, both whole and cut into pieces, shell-fish in great variety, and sea-squirts or tunicates, some of brilliant colors. Had we space, we could describe the lacquer which is made here, the New Year offer-

ings to the gods, the boys flying kites with humming bows attached, but all these have naught to do with the Ainu. A little to our satisfaction, for it would have been a hard trip over the snow to Omazaki, we found communication restored and were able to board our little steamer at nine o'clock and go to bed, although we did not sail until early in the morning. For fear of mines and hostile vessels, lying in wait, the run across the Straits of Tsugaru was made in darkness and slowly. When we rose in the morning, we were coasting along the coast of Yezo. There was snow over the landscape but less than we expected, after our glimpse of Aomori. The country was hilly; at times, mountainous; there was but little breadth of beach, and often the mountains rose abruptly from the sea-line. Here and there were little clusters of houses near the seashore. It was bitterly cold and a piercing wind was blowing. At 9.30 in the morning, we were in Hakodate Harbor, after passing through a narrow and tortuous channel. The town, with a population of perhaps 70,000, stretches along a coast line, presenting an arc of almost two-thirds of a circle, and rises upon the lower slopes of a great mountain mass, which rises finely in the background and is fortified. We anchored in the Harbor and would have gone on shore, if we could have learned that we were to lie there several hours. There are Ainu settlements on the outskirts of the city, a Museum of Ainu ob-



jects, and a mission station (including a school for Ainu boys), which we would have been glad to see. At 3.30 in the afternoon, we started. We could not find out when we were likely to reach Muroran, being absolutely without an interpreter, and so went to bed at nine o'clock, thinking ourselves entitled to the night's rest. But at eleven, we were routed from our beds by the steward and found ourselves standing in the Bay of Muroran. The runner from the Maruichi Hotel, to which we had a letter from our Aomori host, took us in charge and loaded us and ours into a rowed scow. It was bitterly cold, a heavy wind was blowing, and snow filled the air. We were only lighted by paper lanterns, as, to the songs of the rowers, we crossed the stretch of tossing waters to the shore. Our pretty room at the Maruichi, our midnight supper, our first Japanese bed, and our charcoal fire, were a pleasant contrast.

The morning was fine, fresh, and cold, with alternations of blue sky and snow-filled air. Muroran has a pretty bay, almost circular, land-locked, with many rock islets dotting it. The town itself is small and mean, stretching in two or three long streets at different levels, along the shore. There are Ainu towns at no great distance and we hoped to catch our first glimpse of Ainu here but were disappointed. We strolled through the town buying some photographs of Ainu and some of the giant fanshells or pectens, which are the character-

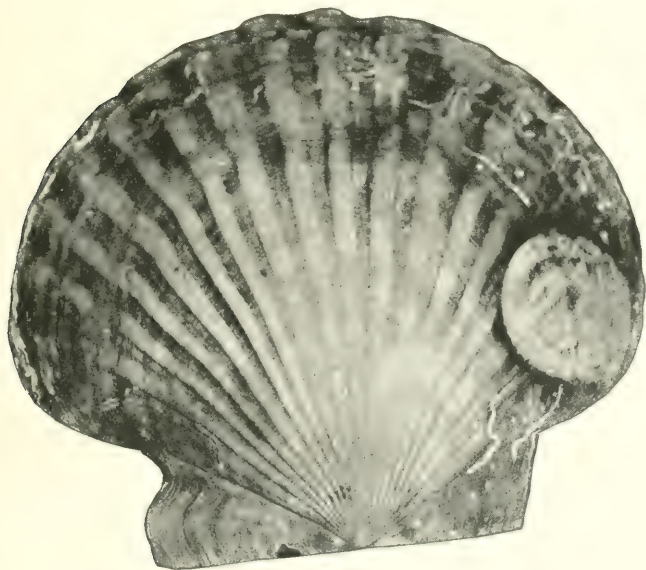
istic souvenir of Muroran. In all parts of Japan, except the island of Yezo, each town of any consequence has its especial product, natural or artificial, for which it is famous. Japanese, who visit such towns always carry home, for themselves and their friends, samples of these. Thus Sendai has a black fossil wood from which all sorts of trays,



VIEW OF MURORAN HARBOR.

boxes, spoons, teacup-holders, etc., are cut; Aomori has its especial mottled lacquer; and Morioka has lovely iron teapots. But Yezo is peculiar; it is crude and new, a pioneer district of new towns settled by immigrants from every part of Japan. Most of its towns have no *meibutsu* or specialty. Muroran, however, has as its *meibutsu*, the giant fanshells.

At 12.40, we took train for Sapporo, the capital of the Hokkaido, or governmental district of which the island of Yezo, forms a part. And, now that we were actually nearing the centre from which we were to operate, our plan of procedure



GIANT PECTEN: MURORAN.

became a question of importance. As we rode on, in the train, we turned it over and over. There was one man in Yezo who could help us if he chose, the Rev. John Batchelor. Our first plan was to find him, he lives at Sapporo, and to enlist his interest and sympathy if possible. If we could do

that, all would be well. If he would not assist, then we should have to depend upon the help of a paternal government. We had a letter from the Tokio government to Baron Sonoda, the Governor of the Hokkaido. He would do what he could. We would have to call upon him anyway and submit our plan to him. If Mr. Batchelor should be favorable we should trouble the Governor but little; otherwise, we should have to ask him to back us so strongly that the poor Ainu would feel that they must go to St. Louis, *willy nilly*.

We had gone about three-fourths of the journey when, at Iwamizawa Junction, we saw a white man, slender, long-bearded, with fur cap, boots and long cape-coat, waiting, with his wife, on the platform, to board the train. They entered the car next to us, where he left lady and luggage, and then again stepped out upon the station platform, where he walked up and down. He seemed to know every guard and employe at the station and talked with all in Japanese. Seeing us, he casually spoke to us. Having answered his question, I said to him, "I believe you are the man for whom I am looking and the one man who can help me in my enterprise. I suspect you are the Rev. John Batchelor?" My surmise was quite right, but Mr. Batchelor, being an Englishman, is socially cautious, and at once became quite reticent. Before we reached Sapporo, we had laid the case fully before him and he was evidently interested.

He was, however, non-committal and desired me to see the Governor before he should promise his assistance. We were not more than half convinced that we should win his favor, but, two days later, after he had thought the matter over and Baron Sonoda had given us his endorsement, Mr. Batchelor cast in his lot with us most heartily and all was then plain sailing. Indeed there were *no* difficulties; things were disappointingly easy — because, after all, we enjoy some hardship and opposition! Japanese boys are taught that they should be like the carp and swim *against* the stream; it is good for them. But we had no chance to be like carp.

The Rev. John Batchelor came to Yezo in 1879, a young man of twenty-four years. He has lived here ever since — more than half his lifetime. A clergyman of the Church of England and a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, he labors among both Japanese and Ainu, but considers himself particularly called to be the Apostle to the Ainu. He knows this people as no other stranger, Japanese or “foreigner,” does. He has visited their villages in all parts of the island; he speaks their language more perfectly than their own young people do; he has studied their life, and thought, and fancies. He is their friend and adviser in need and trouble. While his converts among them may number nine hundred, his acquaintance and influence extends to thousands. He has act-



ually lived for years in their villages, especially Piratori and Horobets. He has written a Dictionary and a Grammar of the Ainu language and has translated the Psalms, the New Testament, several Bible narratives, etc., into it; he is the author of the two best books upon their life and thought — *The Ainu of Japan* and *The Ainu and Their Folk-lore*. In mission work, he is wise. He feels that mere number of confirmations counts for little and has often refused to confirm applicants, rather than run risk of bringing contempt



MEDAL OF AINU TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

upon the name of church member. He works to improve and to elevate; not, to "kill the Ainu that is in you." Recognizing the fearful ravages caused among this simple people by drink, he has organized and labors to sustain an Ainu temperance society. He supports what he calls a "rest-house," built on his premises at Sapporo, where any Ainu who is sick or troubled can come and stay until cured or assisted. Sometimes as many as twenty are housed there. They are supplied foodstuffs, which they prepare for themselves. While they stay, they are expected, if

able, not only to do their own work but to help in the garden, or at the woodpile, or about the house.

It was at Mr. Batchelor's home that we saw our first Ainu. His driver, Parapita, is a fine type. With his long grayish hair, his great gray beard, his kindly expression, his graceful salutations, his neat and simple dress, his ready service, the old man greatly pleased us. Another patriarch, working at the woodpile, was venerable and typical, but was mentally a little unsound; he was but a visitor at the rest-house. Two young men, Yazo and Goro, we shall know better bye and bye. All of the Ainu women at the house had long, black, wavy hair hanging down upon their shoulders and bore the great blue-green tattoo around the lips. This tattoo is quite unlike what I had imagined from descriptions and colored photographs. Instead of being a dull, rather dark, blue, it is a light blue-green, or green-blue, which is vividly fresh, even when it has been on the face for years. So true is this, that Manuel asked at once, on seeing it, whether it was freshly applied paint or something more permanent. The girls and women have pleasant, broad, open faces, and the abundant hair, hanging loosely down at the sides onto the shoulders, sets them off well. They are modest in their manner and, often, bashful. It is a common trick, especially in certain villages, for an Ainu girl, when bashful in the presence of strangers, to hang her head and shake it so that the hair falls

over the whole face like a veil. But, for all this modest concealment, their handsome dark eyes are watching from beneath the sheet of hair and seeing all that goes on outside.

Mr. Fujimura, the Hokkaido government's Fishery Expert, who speaks excellent English, took us to see the Museum of the district. It is fairly good in the Zoology and Geology of the Hokkaido. The upper floor is devoted mainly to Ethnography and, naturally, most of the specimens are from the Ainu. The collection is not so large nor so complete as it should be, nor is it particularly well arranged. There are examples of the mattings, the bark cloth, articles of dress, ornaments, weapons, and implements, of Ainu of several villages. There is a series of wooden war-clubs, apparently of recent manufacture, from near Muroran, which shows a considerable variety in form. These clubs are now rarely found in the villages and originals cannot be easily secured. An entire case is devoted to the cups, tubs, moustache sticks, implements, and *inao* used in the bear-feast, but they merely suggest what *might* be done in the making of such a display. One of the most interesting objects in the Ainu collection is a grave-post from the Island of Saghalien, quite different in its form and carved decoration from those made by the Yezo Ainu. It is made from the forking trunk of a small tree and a considerable part of the available surface is covered with carved, ap-



CARVED GRAVEPOST: ISLAND OF SAGHALIEN.

parently geometric, designs. The old man who conducts visitors through the Museum is little like-

ly to permit anyone to escape, without seeing a great, stuffed, brown bear, which killed and ate three persons. Parts of one of the victims, a little baby, taken from its stomach, are preserved in a bottle of alcohol.

We started out on Monday, February 22, legal holiday at home, for our hasty trip through the Ainu villages of the Saru River district, to secure our group of Ainu. We had already decided to take Yazo (Ozara Fukotaro) and his wife, Shirake from Mr. Batchelor's house. As already familiar with white people and their customs, we felt that they would be a good influence in keeping others satisfied. Yazo has lived with Mr. Batchelor since he was fourteen years old, now a matter of ten years. He is industrious and progressive and has a little farm, some horses, etc. While we were gone, he went out to his village to make arrangements for the care of his place and property, while he should be away. His wife, Shirake, is a pretty and attractive girl of eighteen years, timid and modest.

We went on the railroad, back toward Muroran, leaving the train at Tomakomai, about midway between Sapporo and Muroran. Mr. Batchelor had telegraphed ahead and a *basha* was waiting for us at the station. A *basha* is a queer, little, four-wheeled, covered cart, drawn by two of the small and shaggy Japanese horses. A cross-seat in front serves for the driver, and two lengthwise





SHIRAKE.

seats within are for passengers, who enter the vehicle from behind by a single, central, iron step. The *basha* is expected to carry six passengers, three on each seat, and the fare is charged for six, whether there is a single person or a full load. By the time we three were in, with our lunch basket, camera, luggage, etc., it would have been difficult for others to have found a place. Though it was chilly, the snow was thawing and before we had gone far, we really had no snow at all. From the station, we struck straight for the sea, riding over a low, flat, country, chiefly grass-grown, though with trees here and there. As we neared the coast, the road became actually sandy. From the open end of the *basha*, behind us, we had fine views of the pretty volcano Tarumai. The air was clear and the graceful, white-covered, mountain stood sharply against the sky. A great deal of vapor was escaping from it and the constant changes in the form and size of the white clouds of it, that hung at the crater until blown away, were curious to watch. When we reached the sea we turned abruptly to the left, losing the volcano view, and rode in long straight stretches, parallel to the coast, behind and below the line of low dunes. We passed, now and again, little groups of fishing huts and miniature *torii*, gateways to wee Shinto shrines. We reached Yubutsu, where we dismounted and walked along the sandy coast to stretch our legs and warm our bodies. When,

GROUP OF AINU GRAVES.



after changing horses, the *basha* came along again, we remounted. At Azuma we spent the night in a Japanese inn, where Mr. Batchelor has a European room and a stove. His lunch-basket pieced out our supper, as it did all our subsequent meals, in a marvellous way. Azuma was full of soldiers as "the reserves" were being called out and this was a local gathering place.

When we started in the morning, the wind was cold and we walked a little to start the circulation. For some time after we entered the *basha*, our road continued over a plain covered with dry yellow grass, with oak trees, scattered or in clumps, here and there. Little or no snow lay on the ground. The general impression of the winter landscape was dreary and desolate. At Mukawa, we changed horses and *basha*, and found ourselves nearing the line of hills, which we had long seen ahead. At Sarabuto, where we first reached the Saru River, we turned left, leaving the sea and the low country and striking straight for the hills. We soon passed near the Ainu village of Shumunkot, and close by the side of the road saw a place where five Ainu had been buried. Such burial places are usually in out-of-the-way spots, and are neglected and avoided. There were no graves raised over the dead and the area was overgrown with brush. That there were three men, one woman and one girl, was shown by the stakes marking the graves. These were small trunks or

large branches of trees with the bark left on. For a man's grave, the upper end of the stake is cut to a spear-point or paddle-tip; for a woman's, the upper end is rounded and pierced so as to present a loop or a half ring. The grave-stake for a child is smaller than that of an adult.



STAKE AT GRAVE OF FEMALE AINU.

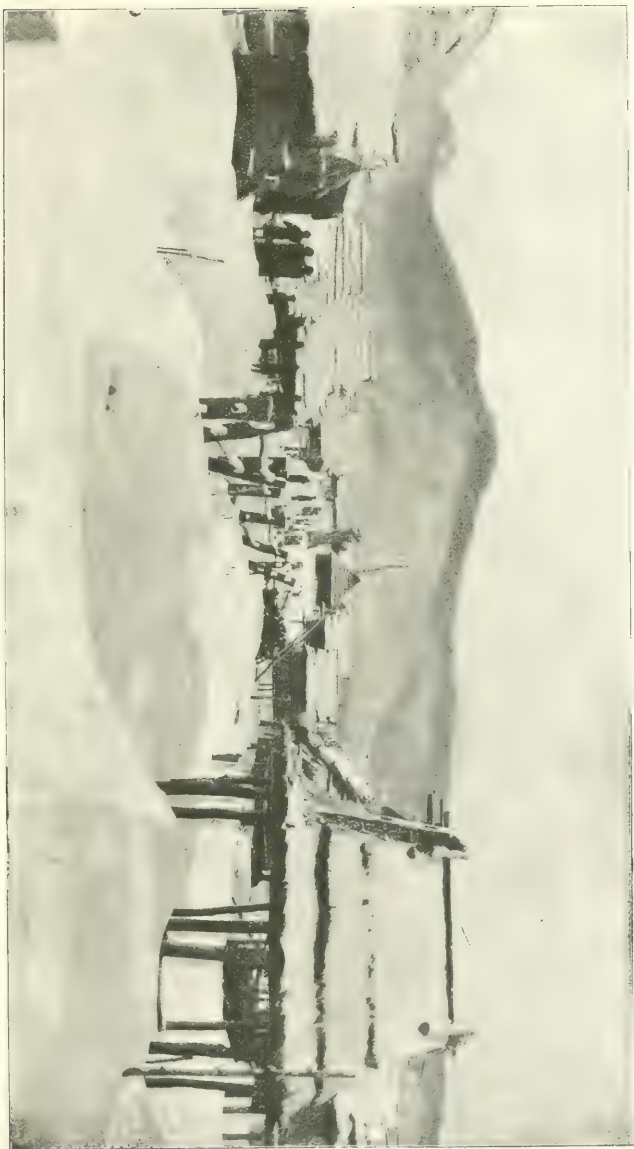
Here we were again near an Ainu town, Nina, and from here on we were in a forest, frequently on uneven or rolling land, and in the midst of actual winter, with plenty of snow all around us. Presently we came to a considerable Ainu town, Lower Piratori, so called because lower on the



Saru River than Upper Piratori. It is well characterized, typical of the Saru River villages. A single street runs through the place; the houses lie in one long line on the east of this street, while the storehouses, set high up, each on four posts, to keep the contents out of reach of animals, are to the west of it. We paid particular attention to the orientation of the houses, because Hitchcock thinks that it is a matter of no consequence. At Lower Piratori, and at all the other Ainu towns we visited, the house is placed east and west; at the east end is the sacred window; the main doorway, at the western end, is generally not visible, being sheltered by a little approach, shelter or shed, known as the *shem*, the doorway in which opens south. In this *shem* the millet mortar and pestle, agricultural implements, etc., are stored. The east window and the west doorway are often the only openings from the rectangular, single-roomed house, but there may be a south door and also a south window. The Ainu house is rectangular; the ridgepole runs lengthwise and the roof is two-pitched. The framework of the house consists of tree-trunk uprights and pole cross-pieces, all lashed together with cords or strips of bark; the walls are of rushes and mattings and the roof is a heavy thatch. In building the house the roof is first constructed and then lifted and placed upon the corner posts.

In the centre of the room is the open fireplace —

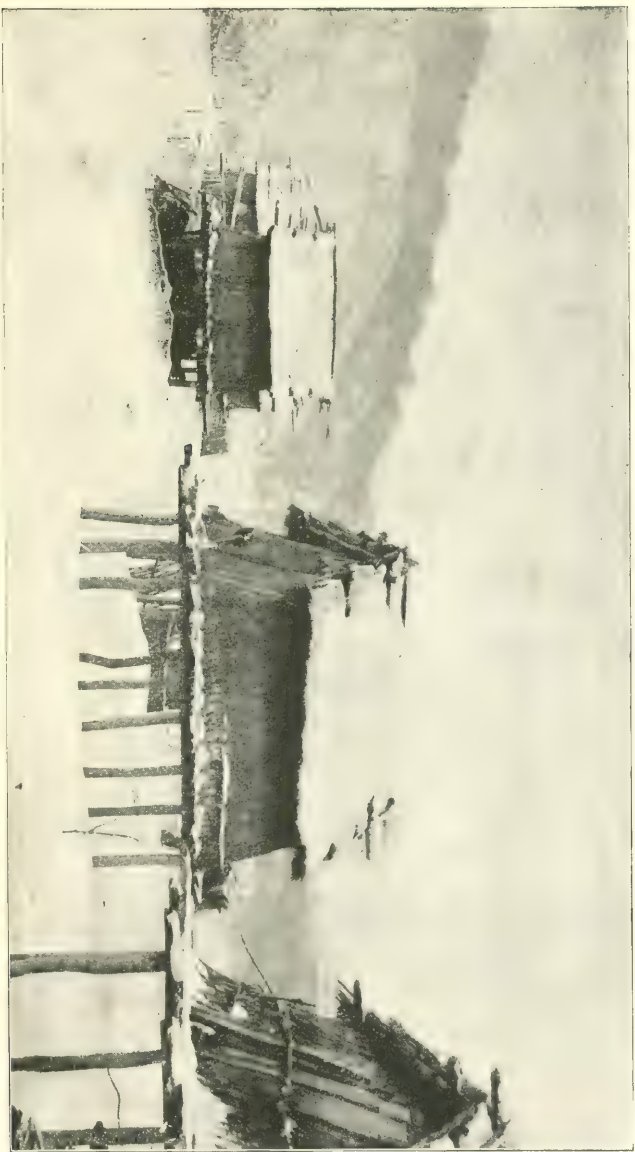
AINU VILLAGE : OSATNAL.





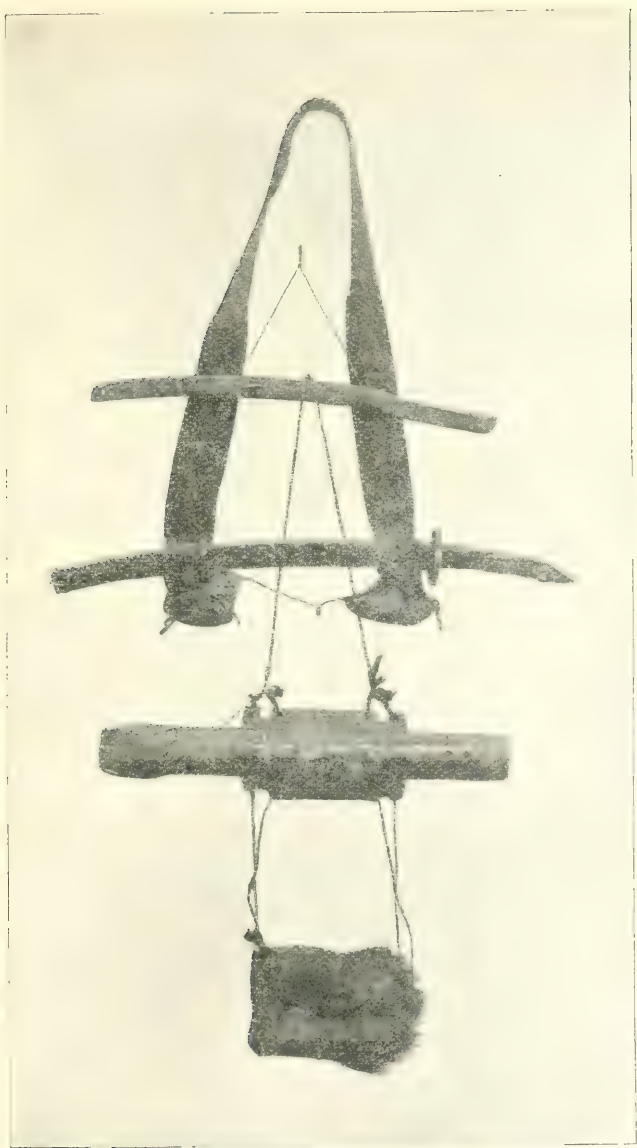
a rectangular space, marked out with boards set on edge. There is no chimney for the escape of smoke. The floor may be covered with mats, which are made by the women. The different members of the household have their individual places in the house. The east end of the fireplace is honorable and when a guest arrives to whom great respect is due, a box is set in this place of honor. a fine mat with decorative patterns woven into it is folded and laid upon it, and he is invited to sit down. The sleeping places along the walls are sometimes separated from each other by suspended mats. The inside wall is often hung with mats, partly as a decoration and finish and partly to cut off draughts. Over the fireplace hangs a kettle in which food is boiled; it is suspended by a wooden pothook, which has an ingenious, though simple, mode of adjustment whereby it can be lowered or raised. In the northeast corner of the house are the "treasures," varying of course with the householder. There are great tubs for saké, cylindrical vessels with lids; they measure a foot or two in height by about a foot across, are of Japanese manufacture and are usually black lacquer with gilding. They were presented long ago to the ancestors, maybe by Japanese officials, and are prized heirlooms. There are also lacquer saké cups or bowls, of various sizes and shapes, but also Japanese gifts and heirlooms. On the wall are hung sword-sheaths with hilts in place;

STOREHOUSES: OSATNAL.



generally there are no blades within, whether because these have been disposed of, or because the Japanese givers thought best not to supply the enemy real weapons, we do not know. All these cups and tubs and swords make a great show, although they are all heavy with the accumulated smoke and dirt of years. Beside these treasures of Japanese origin one sees also objects of native workmanship — knife sheaths (with and without knives) and wooden quivers, some of which contain arrows, even old arrows with the famous poison on them.

Outside, to the east of the sacred window and at a little distance, is the *nusa*, or "sacred hedge," a line or group of willow sticks set in the ground, from the upper ends of which hang curls of shavings, usually shaved from the sticks themselves. Such shaved sticks, called *inao*, play an important part in the life and religion of the Ainu. The *nusa* is sacred and strangers should not meddle with it or with single *inao*, nor pass between the *nusa* and the east window. Nor ought people to look in through the east window or throw things out from the house through it. *Inao* are also used inside the house. The one of chief importance stands in the very northeast corner of the house and ought never to be removed from its place. Even shaving curls, cut completely from their stick have their value and are tied to, wrapped about, or laid upon, articles in the treasure corner.



TREASURES HUNG IN NORTHEAST CORNER OF  
HOUSE.

*Inao* are also set up by the springs of water, by the storehouses, and even near the outhouses or places of relief. In all these cases, they serve as guardians or charms with magic power.

We did not tarry long at Lower Piratori, but continued our journey to Upper Piratori, which is close by. In fact, formerly, there was a continuous village but a migration of the middle part of the town has left the extremes separated and now they bear distinct names. The little Japanese inn is in the centre of Upper Piratori and we were soon comfortably installed. Piratori is, of all Ainu towns, the best known to the outside world and many travelers — Miss Bird, Landor, Fincke, — have described it and pictured its chief, old Penri. The old man died in December last. When Mr. Batchelor first came to Piratori, years ago, he lived in Penri's house, having the southeast corner partitioned off for his use. Here he began to study the language and to collect the materials for his dictionary. The old house still stands, though now occupied by a Japanese family, and we photographed it, with Mr. Batchelor near the south doorway, in memory of old times. At the time of his death, Penri lived in another house, which we visited. The widow, on seeing us began to weep, in token of her bereavement; this she would be expected to do, on first seeing a friend after her husband's death, even if a much longer time had passed after the event. Somewhat to our surprise



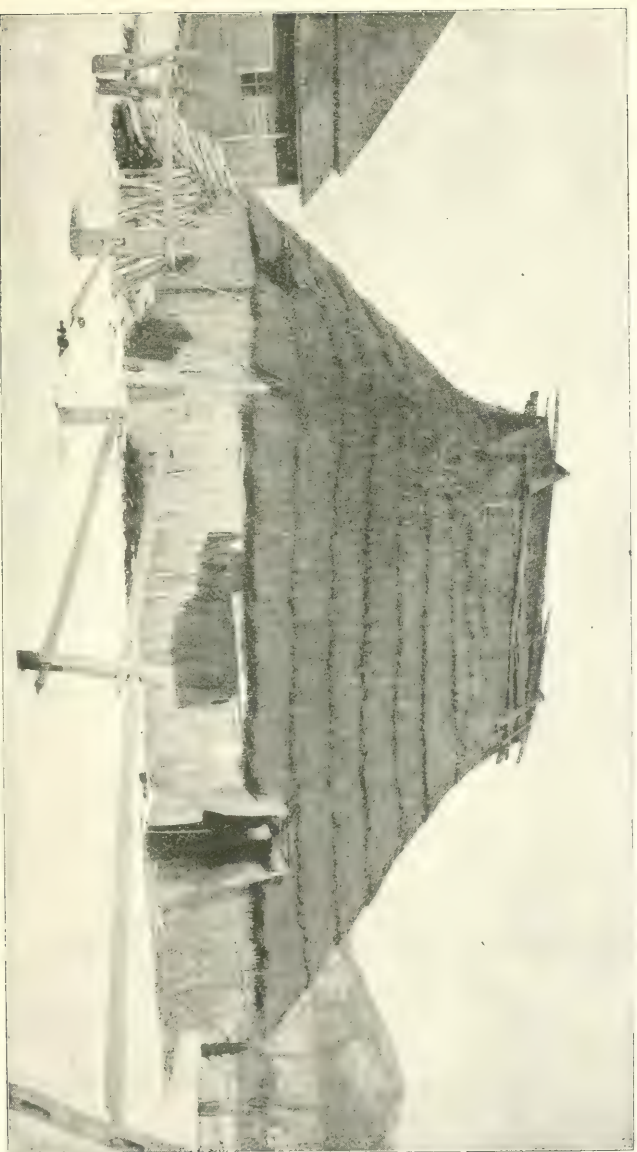


she let us take away an *inao* placed at the west door in connection with the funeral and mourning.

At a neighboring house we were greatly impressed by the dignified appearance of two men seated at the fireplace, father and son. The older, a brother of Penri, had long gray hair and beard; the younger, was of somewhat stouter build and had abundant long black hair and a full black beard. As we entered, and the old man saw who we were, he rose without a word, found his crown and placed it on his head; both then proceeded to salute us. We had already seen something of these strange and dignified greetings, but this was our first experience of the thing at home. They sat for some time slowly rubbing their hands together, back and forth, the palms being vertical; after doing this, they separated the hands outward to the sides, palms upward, and then raised and lowered them two or three times, as if balancing or weighing something, each time raising them higher and nearer to the beard; finally they brought the hands to the beard and stroked it from the sides. There are then, really three parts to this salutation, after the performance of which the conversation began.

These crowns worn ceremoniously by the men are really interesting; they consist of a foundation band of cloth or woven work that fits around the head. To this, in front, there is a bear's head carved in wood; this is replaced sometimes, as at





PENRI'S OLD HOUSE: UPPER PIRATORI.

Shiraoi, by bear claws; sometimes the carved head of an eagle or a hawk replaces the bear's head. From the band of the crown hang several — often six — little square flaps of cloth. These are the "hair" of the crown which also has a "body" and "bones." A. Henry Savage-Landor, often unreliable, calls these strange head-dresses "regal crowns." Of course there is nothing "regal" about them. They are worn at joyful festivals or on other pleasant occasions,— such as our visit!— and may be worn only by *well-to-do* and *good* men.

Among Ainu the woman is regarded as an inferior and generally she acquiesces pleasantly enough in the assumption. At festivals, the men sit in a line in front, near the drinking cups; the women sit behind and receive what their lords please to give them after they have had what they want. The woman usually wears a band of cloth around her head. On meeting a man, in greeting him, she respectfully removes this and hangs it upon her left arm; she then draws her right hand over her upper lip, from the left to the right; she may then pat the hair at the sides of her head, with her hands. The movement of drawing her hand across her lip is common when she has received a favor and seems to be an expression of thanks and pleasure.

We had planned to photograph during the afternoon but it snowed heavily — as it did every afternoon, while we were in the villages — so we



visited from house to house and then waited at the inn, for those who, at Mr. Batchelor's suggestion, brought in wares and treasures for sale. As these articles were everywhere practically the same, we may as well describe them once for all in connection with Piratori. For a long time back, as shown by old pictures, the Ainu dress has been much like that of their Japanese neighbors. There are, however, some articles of dress that are truly Ainu and even when Japanese stuffs and patterns are used the decoration may be characteristic. The women make a coarse, brown, thread, from elm-bark fibre, which is called *attus*. This they weave, using a simple loom, into a strong and durable cloth, which, however, becomes brittle if too dry. This may be woven solidly in the natural color, or stripes of blue, (black or white,) threads may be woven into it. From such cloth, single piece garments, much like the Japanese *kimono*, with short sleeves tapering at the end, are made for both men and women; there is little, if any real, difference in form in those for the two sexes and both are folded and held in position, by a band at the waist, in the same way. Upon these garments, whether made of *attus* cloth or of Japanese cottons, the women embroider elaborate patterns in colored threads. On the whole the garments for men are more ornamented than those for women. The patterns are said to differ somewhat from district to district. The designs con-



WOMAN'S DRESS OF ELM-BARK CLOTH, EARRINGS,  
AND NECKLACE.

sist of curious combinations of straight lines and graceful curves. In their irregular forms and symmetrical arrangements, one would hardly think that original animal designs might be hidden.



There is no question, however, that some of these apparently meaningless, simply fanciful, designs are conventionalizations of the bear's head and it is possible that all of them might, by careful study, be traced back to some such origin. Both men and women wear leggings wrapped about the leg from the knee down, which are made of *attus*, or of Japanese blue stuffs, and are often decorated with the curved-line embroideries. Around the neck, women wear a closely-fitting, narrow band of velvet, with a little flap at the middle; upon this flap, which hangs in front when the band is adjusted, is a round piece of silver or german silver upon which an ornamental design is engraved. Both sexes wear earrings, but the old men seem particularly fond of great hoop-earrings, two inches or more across, which are sometimes of silver but more likely of some cheaper material. Women delight in necklaces and often carry several pounds of large beads around the neck; these beads are rarely of bright glass, being generally of dull colors and of some porcelanous material. We had supposed these beads to be of Japanese origin but are told that most of them came from Manchuria. In any event, the heavy strings of beads are, generally, heirlooms and it is probably a long time since new supplies of them have been sold or exchanged to the Ainu. Frequently, square-pierced "cash" are strung in with the beads and a disk or other pendant of metal hangs from

the necklace. While the woman is often content with any cloth to tie around her head, she sometimes weaves a special head-band of decorative character.



MAN'S CEREMONIAL DRESS.\*

Ainu babies, like Japanese, are often carried on the backs of older children, who are themselves little more than babies. The modes of carrying are, however, quite different. The Japanese baby is bound in place and the loose over-garment of

\* Unfortunately photographed inside out.





JAPANESE AND AINU CHILDREN CARRYING  
BABIES.

the little nurse is then put on so as to cover both baby and carrier; the Ainu baby, sometimes seated on a little stick, is carried by means of a carry-strap, *tara*, very like those in use among American Indians, which passes across the forehead of the

bearer. Not only babies, but all sorts of burdens are carried with the *tara*.

The face tattoo of Ainu women has already been mentioned. It is begun in childhood, a small round spot being made at the middle of the upper lip. It is not done by pricking with points as Japanese tattooing is, but by cutting with a knife. Soot from the bottom of the kettle is rubbed into the cut lines and a decoction of ash bark is washed on to fix the color, which, as already stated, is a blue-green. The tattooing is gradually developed, until, when the girl is ready for marriage, the whole, great, moustache-like mark is fully done. It completely surrounds the mouth, covering both the upper and lower lip, and even extends onto the mucous membrane surface. The hands and the arms to the elbows are also tattooed with a system of rings, dots, zigzags, etc., which appear to be largely individual.

In the Ainu house, furniture in our sense of the word is largely lacking. Mattings are used for wall-hangings, carpeting, seats and beds. In the *shem* are the mortar and pestle for pounding millet. The mortar is hollowed out from a section of a tree trunk; the pestle is heavy, with a head at each end. Women do the pounding, often two of them working together, dealing alternate blows, and singing wordless songs to give time to the blows. There is a variety of bowls and platters, trays, stirrers, ladles, and spoons, cut from wood,

some plain and some decorated with ornamental carved designs. Also cut from wood, are pounders, pothooks, suspended cradles, sticks for the baby to sit on when carried, troughs for feeding bears from, and the different parts of the simple loom. There are two kinds of native devices for lighting — a torch consisting of a cleft-stick with a folded bit of birch-bark stuck into the cleft and a lamp made of a pecten shell, as a receiver for oil, set up on a crotched stick. The shell of the pecten also makes a good scoop for dipping out the dinner from the common pot — we have the one that old Parapita used to use at home — and at Shiraoi, we found the great shell lashed to a stick handle, for use as a ladle. Trays and bowls, scoops and ladles are also neatly made from pieces of bark. Agricultural implements are crude. A bent stick serves as a grub or hoe, while poor spades may be cut from wood. A long and narrow fresh-water mussel shell is the sickle with which grain is cut, only the head being removed, while the whole length of the straw remains standing in the field.

Left to themselves, the Ainu would prefer to remain hunters and fishermen. Their mountains abounded in deer and bears and the waters of Yezo swarmed with salmon and other fish. The Ainu had devised a series of ingenious traps and weapons. To-day they have guns, but bows are also somewhat used, though poisoned arrows are a thing of the past — thanks to Japanese laws.



WOMEN POUNDING MILLET.

The Ainu bow is a single, simple, stick of yew; the bowstring is a cord of bark fibre. The poisoned arrow was an ingenious affair. The foundation of the poison was aconite secured from the corm of the plant; to this various other ingredients were added. Not everyone knew how to compound the poison and to-day the knowledge is possessed by few. The point of the arrow was rather large and broad and was hollowed out on one side; a wad of the poison was pressed into this hollow and then set in place with gum. The Ainu hunter, besides his bows and arrows, spears and clubs, had his hunting knife and knew well how to use it in close encounters with bears. He still uses it and always carries it, sheathed in an elaborately carved wooden case, upon his person.

At Upper Piratori is the "shrine of Yoshitsune." This famous Japanese hero of the 12th century, according to a doubtful tradition, escaped his pursuing enemies and sought refuge in Yezo, where he was greatly respected by the Ainu, among whom he lived the remainder of his life. Upon the height behind the upper end of the village, there is a little shrine, which contains an ugly figure of a Japanese warrior, said to be Yoshitsune. Miss Bird describes the "worship" of this figure by the Ainu. The shrine and the figure are both purely Japanese. Who put them where they are, or when, or why, we cannot say. If the figure is respected by the Ainu of the village, it has had but

little influence on their religious thought. It is aught except "the great god of the mountain Ainu." If we had had more time or if it had been summer, we would have visited it. As it was we cared more to look at Ainu *inao* and *nusa*.

Miss Bryant, an Australian lady, lives at Upper Piratori as the local missionary of the C. M. S. She speaks Ainu and has a household of Ainu girls. She was good enough to invite us in the evening to take coffee and delicious cakes. She showed us some embroideries her girls had made in colored silks on cottons. The materials are Japanese and she supplies these to the girls. The designs are left to them. The stitching is well done and is as neat and even as machine work; it is hard to think that the better pieces were done by hand. Mrs. Batchelor, at Sapporo, also allows the Ainu girls in her house to do such needlework. From the sale of such pieces to travelers the girls gain a little money for themselves.

We had thought to pursue our further journey with sleds, but these failed to appear and we started off on foot. As carriers of our luggage we hired a married couple, of whom the woman appeared to be far the better man. At all events, she took the heavier *kore* (basket-trunk) and started off the more gaily. Both used the *tara*, or carry-strap passing across the forehead, in carrying their loads. We at once crossed the Saru River on the ice. It is here a broad stream, flow-



ing between low terraces, back of which rise fine hills. We tramped steadily through a forest, over a somewhat rolling country, and at the end of an hour found ourselves at Neptani. Here we saw



ON THE MARCH, CROSSING THE SARU.

our first evidence of a bear-feast. To the east of one house was a *nusa*, upon the middle *inao* of which was fastened a bear's head with the ears and skin yet on. Between the house and the

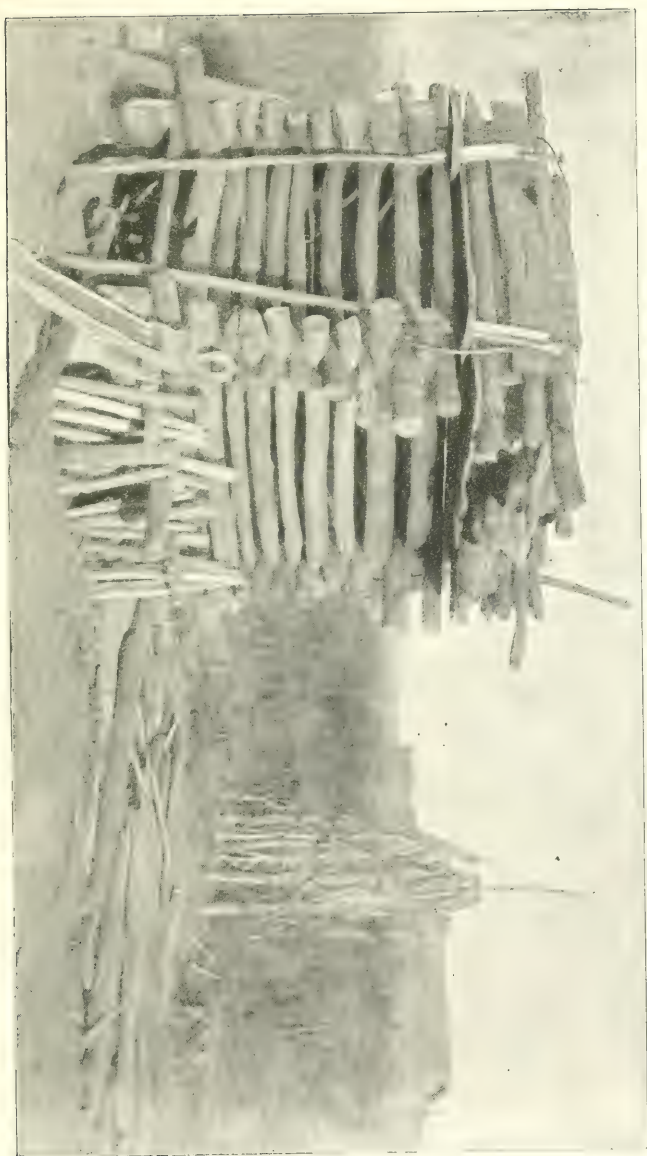


*nusa* was a post, with a tuft of green at the top, to which the bear had been tied, and we could see, below the east window, the newly repaired wall, showing where the old one had been broken down at the time of the celebration. We saw plenty of similar trophy *nusas* and other evidences of bear feasts later, but nowhere were we so fortunate as to find the feast in progress — nor did we anywhere see living bears in the villages. There were cages everywhere but all the bears had been killed.

As the bear feast is the most important Ainu ceremonial and one of the strangest customs of this strange people, we will describe it from the observations of others.

Bear-hunting takes place in the late winter and early spring. In these hunts the Ainu often show great courage and intrepidity. The bear is a large, brown species, near, if not identical with, the grizzly bear. When one is killed it is ceremoniously treated. Salutations and apologies are made to the body. It is then skinned and the head and skin are laid out and decorated with ribbons, *inao* shavings, etc. Feasting ensues and the whole occasion is one of joy and gaiety. But this is *not* the "bearfeast." When on these bear-hunts, the Ainu are particularly anxious to capture a little bear cub, which is taken home alive, and given over to a woman for raising. There has been much debate over the question whether she

suckles it as she would her baby. It has often been affirmed that she does and has often been denied. When Mr. Batchelor wrote *The Ainu of Japan*, he was anxious not to admit the claim. Since then, however, he has actually seen the little animal suckled by women, several times. On one occasion, when he was preaching in a house, the little cub was taken into the service and was passed from one woman to another and suckled, in the most matter-of-fact way. Later on, though no longer suckled, the pet bear is most carefully fed; sometimes the woman will give it a soft morsel with her lips. When the animal is too large to be longer kept in the house and petted, it is put out into the cage, constructed of a cob-work of logs and raised a little above the ground on posts. In feeding it there, a special wooden trough with a handle is used. Formerly the bear was kept two or three years in the village; now one rarely sees a bear more than a year old in the cages. Finally the time for the great ceremonial arrives. Food and drink are prepared in large quantities — millet cakes or dumplings, millet beer, and saké (Japanese rice brandy). Guests from other villages are invited. Everyone is dressed in their finest clothing. The older and more important men wear their crowns. The men have bathed and their foreheads and the back of their necks have been shaved and their hair trimmed; bathing, shaving and hair trimming regularly occur but once



a year. Abundance of fresh *inao* are cut. A preliminary feasting takes place, at which the men seat themselves in a semi-circle to the east of the house, facing the *nusa*, near the food and drink, which are placed before them; the women sit behind the men. Presently a man, chosen for that service, goes to the bear's cage, where he salaams and makes an address to the captive. Mr. Batchelor prints one such address, as follows: "Oh thou divine one, thou wast sent into the world for us to hunt. Oh, thou precious little divinity, we worship thee; pray hear our prayer. We have nourished thee and brought thee up with a deal



ARROW USED IN BEAR-FEAST.

of pains and trouble, all because we love thee so. Now, as thou hast grown big, we are about to send thee to thy father and mother. When thou comest to them please speak well of us, and tell them how kind we have been; please come to us again and we will sacrifice thee." Two young men, one on either side, now noose the bear with lassoes and drag him out among the people. Armed with bows and peculiar arrows, with blunt, wooden points, they shoot at him to tease and irritate him. Such arrows are not used on any other occasion, and the tips are stained black after which ornamental patterns are cut through, to show the white

wood beneath; a bit of red flannel is added at the very tip. After being led around for some time, the animal is tied to a stout stake driven into the ground, and the teasing continues. Finally, two young men attack the animal, one seizing it by the ears and head, the other taking it by the hind quarters; a third man rushes up holding a stick by the ends in his hands and forces it between the bear's teeth; four other men seize the animal by his legs or feet and drag them outward until the bear lies sprawling upon the ground. Two long poles are then placed, one on the ground under the bear's throat, the other across the nape of his neck. Upon these the people crowd and weigh down to strangle the poor beast. Sometimes a man with a bow and arrow shortens the creature's sufferings by a well-directed shot. The bear is then skinned and its head is cut off, the skin remaining attached to it. The skin and head are then laid out upon a nice mat near the east window, and decorated with *inao* shavings, beads, earrings, small mirrors, etc.; a bit of its own flesh is placed under its snout; dried fish, saké or millet beer, millet dumplings, and a cup of its own meat boiled are offered to it. A worshiper addresses it in some such fashion as this: "Oh, cub, we give you these *inao*, cakes, and dried fish; take them to your parents and say, 'I have been brought up for a long time by an Ainu father and mother and have been kept from all trouble and harm; as I am now grown big, I

am come to thee. I have also brought you these *inao*, cakes, and dried fish. Please rejoice.' If you say this to them, they will be very glad." Dancing and feasting then ensue. A cup of the animal's flesh has meantime been boiled; after this has been offered to him, a little is given to every person present, even the children. A general feast upon the meat of the bear follows, until practically nothing is left except his bones. The head with its skin attached is then placed upon the *nusa* and left there. In time, through decay and weathering, only the bleached skull remains. Sometimes, a *nusa* will bear great numbers of these skulls. At Shiraoi, we later saw some *nusas* that had four or five, but we have not seen any of the great trophies, such as are figured in some books.

While the bear-feast is the greatest ceremonial of the year, it is not absolutely different from some others. Birds of various kinds,—especially the great eagle, hawk, and owl,—and other animals,—as the hare or rabbit — are sacrificed or "sent away," in much the same way, often after having been kept in captivity for a longer or shorter time.

The island of Yezo is unlike the rest of Japan, in geology, in fauna, and in flora. It is a continental island, continuing in its structure and rock formations the neighboring mainland, although it is an active volcanic area and presents some modern eruptive rocks. The island is remarkably compact and presents the least coast line to square



NUSA WITH BEAR-SKULLS: SHIRAOI.



mile of surface of any part of the Japanese Empire. It presents the finest forests and the broadest plains of Japan, and its Ishikari is the longest Japanese river. Its coal mines are extensive and there are other sources of mineral wealth. In its fauna and flora the island is remarkably like the Eastern United States — not merely in general aspect, but in identity of species. Yezo, with its immediately neighboring islands, presents an area of 30,273 square miles, about that of South Carolina. Until recently, it has been occupied by the Ainu. As Russian aggression has been more and more feared by Japan, it became plain that Yezo, with its unaggressive population of Ainu, was a weak spot, unprotected and easily attacked, which needed to be strengthened. A policy of colonization was developed. To colonize wisely, demanded study and experiment. A geological survey was made, experimental farms were established, an agricultural college was founded, roads were built, towns were planted, industries were originated. Much of this work of development was placed in the hands of Americans, some of whom did nobly, while others betrayed their trust or failed through incapacity. Immigration was encouraged from the older and more crowded parts of the Empire. Towns, and even cities, have grown up in a few years; everything is new; life is much as that of our pioneer days and frontier settlements. All this is undoubtedly good for



HUNTING PARTY LEAVING FOR MOUNTAINS.

Japan as a nation, but it is hard upon the Ainu. In 1874 Yezo numbered 144,069 inhabitants, of whom 16,000 were Ainu; in 1899, the population was 859,534, the Ainu being reported at 17,000. This flood of Japanese immigration is largely homesteaders; each year sees the Ainu more directly in contact with Japanese neighbors and less secure in the little villages which he occupies. Such thoughts as these about the island home of the Ainu suggested themselves to our minds as we trudged over the snow through the forests.

But our walking neared its end. At Neptani we arranged for a sledge and then started on, leaving it to overtake us. Just as we left the village, we overtook a hunting party on its way to the mountains for deer. The men of the party came from two or three different villages; they carried the guns, and led the dogs; the women carried the luggage. The dogs were like coyotes in size and form and some of them were brown-gray in color; there was, however, considerable range in color. They were strangers to one another and quarrelsome, and probably several days had to elapse before they became friendly. Having exchanged greetings with the hunters and photographed the group, we journeyed on. From here the country was more broken, the terrace slope being cut by lateral gorges, opening on the Saru, which was still to our left. Before long, we were overtaken by our sled, the driver of which was a typical young fel-



KUTOROGE.

low of some twenty-two years, beardless, indeed, but with long hair hanging, from a central parting, down upon his shoulders. Before we reached the next village, we met a man from Okotnai, whither we were bound, who told us that the man, of whom we were in search, had gone hunting. This was a dash to our hopes, for we had counted on securing him for our group. He was no doubt already in the mountains beyond our reach and not likely to return for a fortnight or more. The hunting party which we had photographed was still in sight and their leader had greatly pleased us. Asking whether we cared for him, Mr. Batchelor called him back. He told him that we wished him, with his wife and child, to go with us to the United States; that he would be gone nine months; that he should go. A look of blank helplessness came over his face, but he replied that he would have to go, of course, if *he* said so. I now found for the first time — because the type is really very uniform, and all men of an age look alike — that he was the younger of the two men whom we had seen in the first home we visited in Upper Piratori — Kutoroge, the nephew of old Penri. This recognition recalled the older man and we suggested to Mr. Batchelor, the wish that he, too, might be secured. “Oh, yes, Kutoroge, the gentleman wants an old man, a graybeard, who knows how to make the arrow poison and to whittle the *inao*. Can you not find him such a man?”



"Why, sir, there is my old father, you know! Would he not do? And really, if we must *die*, it is better that we should die together than separated." "Oh, yes," we answered, "so there *is* your father! Well, go back to your village, and tell him and make preparation, so that all may be ready when we come back to-morrow." He agreed, but would have to go on to the next village to overtake his wife, who had gone on with the luggage, while we were talking. Thus a hunting party was left without its leader!

Passing Penakori, traveling through a fine hill district, for the most part wooded, near Porosaru, we came to a little stream which was open and which we had to cross by a dugout canoe. The ferryman was an old man, with fine hair and beard. He was dressed in native garments, which were old and worn. Though the weather was cold, his breast was uncovered and showed an unusually thick growth of body hair. The old man first poled us over, then brought our luggage and the box body of the sled. The driver, mounting the little horse, forded him across, dragging the runners. After we had reconstructed the sled and loaded in the baggage, we rode on through the forest, over the uneven terrace, until at last we descended to the Saru River. It was open, and projecting fringes of ice reached out from the shore over the water in a way that looked dangerous. However, we crept out on them, expecting them to

break and let us into the water, to another canoe, poled this time by a strong, young ferryman. We crossed safely and crept out onto similar projecting ice fringes on the other side. Our driver tried



CROSSING A STREAM IN WINTER.

to make a crossing at a ford higher up the river, but failed. Meantime we followed the river bottom for some little distance, over soft and water-soaked snow, that let us sink deeply every two

or three steps; finally, however, we mounted to the low terrace where the walking improved and were soon in the village of Osatnai. From there it was but a fifteen-minutes' walk to Okotnai, last of this group of Saru Ainu towns and the goal of our journey. From Tomakomai, where we left the railroad, we had traveled in the three days some eighteen *ri*, equal to about forty-five miles, distributed as shown in the following table of villages through which we passed:

Tomakomai,	
Yubutsu,	
Azuma,	5 <i>ri</i>
Mukawa,	
Sarubuto,	
* Shumunkot,	
* Nina,	
* Lower Piratori,	
* Upper Piratori,	7 <i>ri</i>
* Neptani,	
* Penakori,	
* Porosaru,	
* Osatnai,	
* Okotnai,	6 <i>ri</i>

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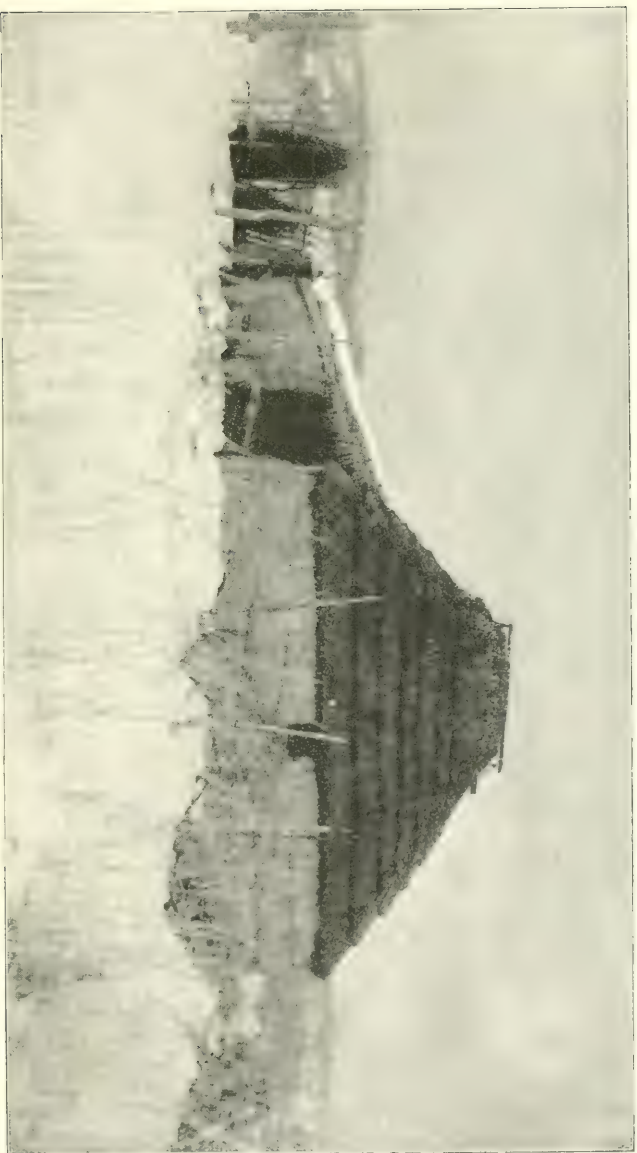
18 *ri* = about 45 miles.

It was just after noon when we arrived, going directly to Tunkamareg's house. He had really gone hunting, but Charenga, his wife, was at home,

\* Ainu village.

and we were made welcome. Two families live in the house, each with two or three children. Tunkamareg and Charenga are both Ainu; the other man is Ainu, but his wife is Japanese and the little mongrel children were not much to my taste. We were cold and tired and hungry. The pot was boiling and we put some chicken that we had brought with us from Piratori in with the millet that the house supplied, and were soon eating our first Ainu meal. It was now snowing hard outside and we hugged the fire all the afternoon, while the villagers brought in all kinds of articles for sale. During the afternoon fresh venison was brought in and our evening stew was rice (secured somewhere, somehow) and deer-meat. It was interesting to watch the children of the two families quarrel over a deer-bone, fresh and bloody, which they took turns in sucking and in picking off shreds of raw meat. This house, though a true Ainu hut, is mission headquarters, and under outside influences a corner of it has been walled off into a sleeping room for Tunkamareg and his wife. This room Charenga surrendered to us for the night. In it was one of Mr. Batchelor's little stoves, but it smoked badly; the night was cold and the room draughty, yet on the whole we were more comfortable when the fire went out. All night we suffered from the bitter cold.

We were up early and left betimes. The only sled that could be secured was too small to do

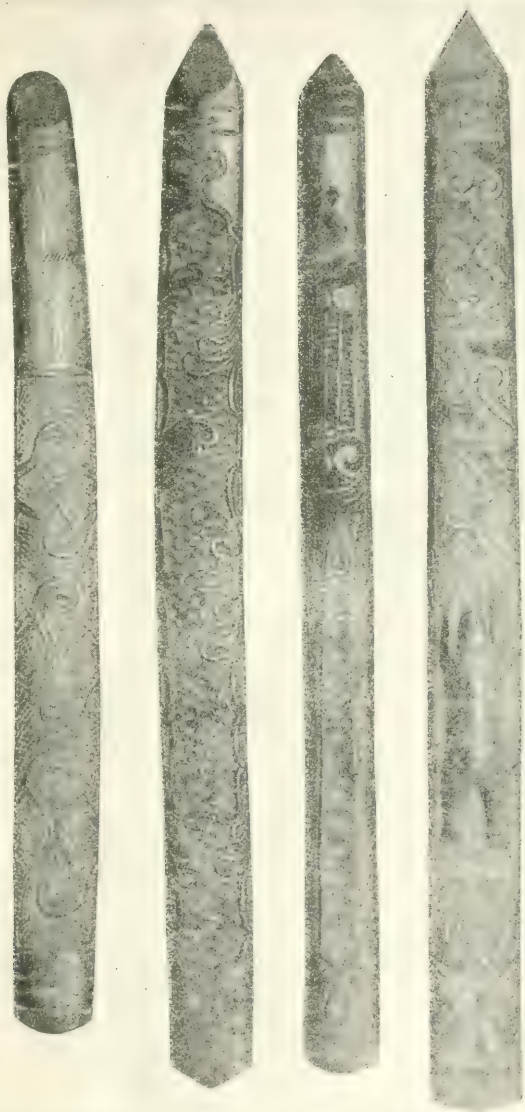


TYPICAL AINU HOUSE : SHIRAOL.

more than take our baggage, increased as it was by purchases! So we walked. Mr. Batchelor, more accustomed to this exercise and to Japan's atmosphere and with little on his bones to carry, kept up a lively pace; Manuel did fairly; but the "leader" of the expedition played out completely before he reached Porosaru, by which time the party was strung out in three sections, along a couple of miles or so of road. It was with joy that he finally met an Ainu boy, with a little sled for dragging wood, who bore a written message stating that he was in our employ! At Porosaru the party was reunited and we made a visit of ceremony at the rather large house of an Ainu of consequence. We entered through the south door and were seated upon handsome mattings, which were folded and laid upon boxes at the east end of the fireplace. Here we photographed the interior of the hut, but our negative was bad; it was a pity, for the northeast corner full of treasures was fine. We had better success in photographing a Japanese lacquered tray, upon which, wrapped in *inao* shavings, were three skulls — those of an otter, a fox, and an albatross.

Our driver, acting under instructions, had hurried on to Neptani, where he had aroused the village, making an especial search for moustache sticks, with designs in high relief. His search had been rewarded and we carried away two — both, unfortunately, lacquered, but well made.





NOTSTACHE LIFTERS OR LIBATION STICKS.

One of them bore the figure of a bear in full relief about an inch high, in front of which was a swimming whale; the other bore three mountains. He had other things awaiting inspection, too — fine dresses, necklaces, swords, and scabbards, carved tobacco-boxes, and the like. We took in a rich harvest, but what pleased us most after the two moustache sticks, was a fine fetish bird-skull wrapped in *inao* shavings. This was the third example of its kind that we had seen. The first was at Piratori, where the wrapped skull belonged to a woman who was “in an interesting condition,” and we thought it unwise to offer to make the purchase; the second was at the house of Porosaru, where the skulls were so carefully guarded and apparently so highly prized, that we did not hint at purchase; here the skull had been lately used and we could see the spot from which bone powder had been scraped for use as a remedy. The house belonged to particular friends of Mr. Batchelor, and after little demur, we carried the skull away in triumph.

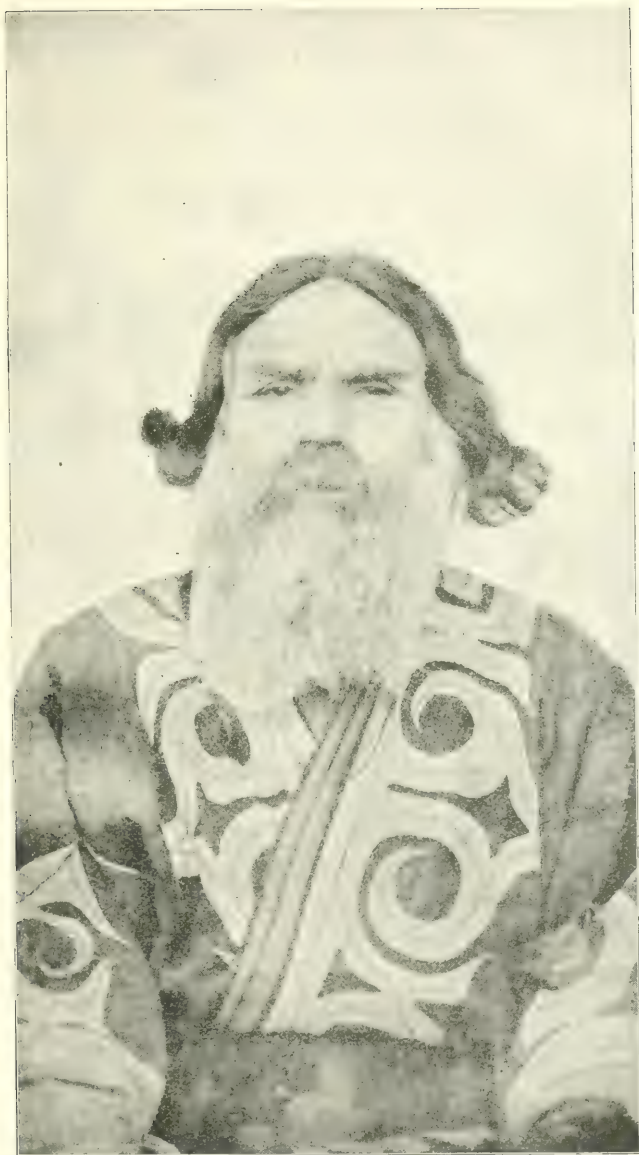
Perhaps the moustache lifter is peculiar to the Ainu. At any rate, it is characteristic of them, and upon it they lavish their utmost artistic efforts. It is a thin, flat stick, measuring some eight, ten, or twelve inches in length by about an inch in width; the ends are angular, one being broadly obtuse, almost squared, and the other sharpened to almost a real point. The upper surface is

carved with decorative designs, the work in some cases being admirable. The patterns are, mostly, curved-line conventions. Recent specimens are all carved in low relief; some of the older ones bear full round figures. Usually made in plain wood of light color, they were sometimes turned over to Japanese neighbors to be lacquered. These curious sticks serve a double purpose; the sharper end is dipped into saké or millet beer, and then drops are sprinkled from it to divine beings, in drinking, on ceremonial occasions. On such occasions the cups of drink are set out upon the ground before the guests, with moustache sticks laid across them. The art of carving these sticks is now neglected and the finer specimens are all old. The old artist used to leave his mark cut on the under side — some simple device, as a triangle, some crossing lines, etc. These moustache sticks had a great attraction for us and we secured scores of them. Most of my finest specimens bear the same maker's mark, a simple, unequally impressed, solid triangle, apparently made with a punch. While such moustache lifters figure generally on ceremonial occasions, there is also a special ceremonial type. It is whittled from fresh wood; no decorative designs are carved upon it, but rolls of shavings are whittled up at three places on the upper side.

At the house where we had stopped, lived a paralytic. On our arrival we had dismissed our

little wood sled and our old driver had arranged for two good sleds with boxes. When we were ready to start, we found we were not to be alone. Our driver took an Ainu woman and all the luggage into his sled; into the other, we packed a company consisting of the driver, a fine bearded subject, the paralytic, two women, Manuel and myself. We expected Mr. Batchelor also, but when he saw the prospects, he sniffed in derision and stalked off down the road. Our driver was a fine type, but he was stupid and careless. We were going gaily, packed as close as sardines in a box, when in crossing a little brook, we struck some obstacle and were all spilled out onto the snow. Fortunately none of us fell into the brook and no one was hurt. We picked up the paralytic and put him into the sled, repacked ourselves and were off again. We soon overtook Mr. Batchelor, re-adjusted the two loads, taking him in, and went on. Before long we were again at the Saru River, and crossing on foot, over the ice, were at Upper Piratori at four o'clock.

We found that the old man refused to go with us. He was too old and frail to make so long and difficult a journey. Kutoroge had, however, picked out a man at Lower Piratori, whom he had persuaded to go, taking his wife and little girl. They were submitted to our inspection and proved highly satisfactory. Sangyea has graying hair, a gray beard, and a patriarchal aspect; he wears



SANGYEA.

great hoop earrings and a well embroidered ceremonial garment. Santukno, his wife, is charmingly ugly, with a broad and heavy lower face, prominent jaws, and a fine tattooing on face and arms. She is a kind soul and suffers from a curious nervous trouble, which they call *imu* and which seems somewhat mysterious. Those who are *imu* are terribly afraid of snakes, and the sight of one, or even mention of one, throws them into a state of rigidity. Certain words or sounds have a similar effect. When the subjects are in this abnormal condition, they lose their self-control and mumble or grimace and are apt to do the opposite of what they are ordered.

In the evening, after another treat to coffee and tea cakes at Miss Bryant's, we went to Kutoroge's house to draw up the necessary documents. The old man and Kutoroge received us in a stately manner. We went into the front room, for the house has two, the *shem* being, apparently, an old house, and squatted down in two facing lines — Mr. Batchelor, Manuel, and I, facing the clerk, the policeman, Kutoroge, Shutrateg, Sangyea, and Santukno. We all went through the formal salutations of hand-rubbing, hand-waving, and beard-stroking. I then paid one month's full salary in advance. The clerk drew up formal receipts, which were signed, sealed, and witnessed. The necessary data were taken down for securing legal applications for passports to leave the country.





SANTUKNO.

All formalities having been thus observed, we were ready to leave. Money was supplied for securing the necessary equipment for the house at Saint Louis and for bringing all to the railroad and we told them when they must appear at Sapporo. In the morning, our only conveyances were two small-box, single-horse, two-wheeled carts. One of these we loaded full with our baggage. Into the other Manuel and I crowded ourselves, sitting on the board bottom, with our legs stretched stiffly crosswise of the cart. When Mr. Batchelor chose to ride, we all three adopted some sort of a kneeling or crouching position. Progress was slow and uncomfortable. Sometimes we stopped to make photographs, and on one such stop were able to test this statement in Mr. Batchelor's book: "They cut the fat part of the legs of both males and females at the joint near the pelvis, and then bind the wound up with the leather-like layers of the fungus mycelium found between the bark and the wood of dead oak, elm, or ash trees." I had been questioning him about this practice, raising a query as to its purpose and its generality. As we were passing through a village, we met a woman with a baby in her arms, and Mr. Batchelor inquired of her in regard to it. After a little hesitation, she showed me the baby, a little girl perhaps less than a year old. It had been cut only on the left side, back on the inside of the leg, just below the buttocks. The cut had

healed, but the scar was quite plain. The woman said they do it with babies that kick and squirm too much. While the practice is probably not general it is certainly common and widespread, occurring in several, if not all, villages.

Our progress was so desperately slow that, by the time we reached Sarabuto, we had almost given up hope of reaching Azuma for the night. We were taking tea and cakes at the little tea-house, when a *basha* came along making its homeward journey empty. We gladly hired it, taking some luggage into it with us and dividing the rest between the two carts. We then rode away in comparative comfort and at a much improved speed. From Mukawa, we walked a little to stretch our legs, but then rode steadily on to Azuma, arriving at about four o'clock. The luggage came in later. We were impressed by the preparations the little town was making against Russian attack. The four Russian gunboats are being watched for. Seven men patrol the coast day and night. At a signal of two bells from the tower, the women, the aged, and the helpless are to flee for shelter inland; at four strokes every able-bodied man and boy is to seize the nearest thing that can serve as a weapon and rush to meet the enemy. And no doubt similar arrangements of desperate bravery are being made at every miserable fishing village along this coast!

In the morning we took the *basha* of yesterday

and a second one for luggage and started early. It was bitterly cold and from time to time we ran to warm our feet. At Yubutsu we turned directly from the sea and struck for the little station of Numanohata. Here at 9.40 a. m. we took train for Sapporo, where we had to spend a few days, packing, completing preparations, and waiting for our people. Here I had the opportunity of examining the Japanese books and manuscripts relative to the Ainu, in the governmental library of the Hokkaido. The Japanese have been much interested in the Ainu and have written many works about them. Most famous and best known is the *San Goku Tsuran Zusetsu*, by a Rin Shihei. It was published in 1785 and consists of a volume of text and five volumes of maps. It is more commonly found in manuscript than printed. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures of men and women, dress, ornaments, tools, and scenes of daily life. In one picture three Ainu boys are playing the game of "javelin and ring," but instead of using javelins are piercing the rolling ring with arrows shot from bows. In a family scene, the father smokes a pipe, but looks around for a moment at the baby, who seems to point reproachfully at his mother, who is giving her breast to the bear cub and not to him; in a cage near by is a captive bird, perhaps an eagle, waiting sacrifice. In still another picture, the hunter, from his canoe on the sea, hurls a harpoon at a seal. The drawings of articles are

carefully made and serve well for comparison with modern specimens. On the whole the book gives interesting information regarding the Ainu of one hundred and twenty years ago. The most diligent of the Japanese writers about the Ainu, however, is Matsuura Takeshiro, a geographer, who made a loving study of the island of Yezo, publishing many books between 1850 and 1865. He takes each section of the island in detail and describes it from the points of view of topography, flora, fauna, and ethnology. Almost all of his many books are illustrated and the pictures are often strikingly true to life. Takeshiro was a skillful artist and sometimes painted *kakemono*, or hanging scrolls, with Ainu scenes. One of these is now owned by Professor Miyabe, the accomplished botanist of the agricultural college at Sapporo. It is a simple picture, of few lines and delicate coloring, but it is living. It represents Ainu in boats on the sea gathering kelp. The picture is an heirloom, having been given to Professor Miyabe's father by the artist, who was his friend. At the house of Mr. Ishikara, a mining engineer to whom I had been recommended, I was shown some manuscript maps made by the old geographer. They are marvels of patient work and surpass in their enormous amount of detail in the matter of local place-names. Among the pictures in Takeshiro's books we have excellent material regarding the Ainu of a half century ago. My own

interest in these Japanese books relative to Ainu began in 1891 at the little Museum of Rotterdam in Holland; it had been nourished by MacRitchie's book, *The Ainu*, which depended absolutely upon such books for its material; it now flamed and during my brief stay in Japan I brought together quite a library of such books. I now know of more than forty *printed* Japanese works that treat of the Ainu, most of which are in my collection. But the printed books are but a small part of the material representing Japanese observation. Many more than forty works still exist only in manuscript, some probably in but a single copy. There are at Sapporo a goodly number of such manuscripts, among them one so beautifully and delicately illustrated that I have had both texts and pictures carefully copied. At Hakodate and at Tokio are many more of these unpublished manuscripts, some of which surely deserve publication. We cherish the hope of finding some one who will help us to put some of these quaint and interesting books into print. To be sure, those without pictures would mean nothing to the English reader, but, until they are in print and accessible, they mean nothing to the students of Japan.

Among these works are many which narrate the wars between the Ainu and the Japanese. To-day, recognizing the passive and too yielding nature of the Ainu, it is difficult to imagine them as warlike. In hunting, it is true, they are brave



enough, even reckless. But, if they were ever warriors, they are to-day a broken-spirited and subdued people. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, according to Japanese accounts, they were great fighters. Even the names of some great chiefs and descriptions of their deeds of bravery are consigned to writing.

The Ainu were the old population of Japan and probably occupied all the islands, even down to Kiushiu, the southmost. Over the whole area Ainu names are sprinkled. Even the name of sacred Fuji-san, the divine mountain, seems to be Ainu. As the ancestors of the Japanese entered Japan from the south, they drove back the unhappy Ainu before them. The encroachment was gradual, but constant; little by little the Ainu retreated to the north. Not very long ago there were still many in the northern part of the main island; to-day there are none. Yezo, the Kurils, and Saghalien (now Russian territory) were their final strongholds. But now Yezo is filling with vigorous, incoming Japanese, before whom undoubtedly the Ainu must yield. His little villages, sprinkled here and there over the island, along the river-courses or on the sea coast, will disappear. His life of hunting and fishing is already almost a thing of the past. To-day the Ainu is "a ward," to be guarded by a paternal government, to be "elevated" by civilization. He is forbidden to make arrow poison, he is subject to game

laws, he may no longer have his girls tattooed, he must send the children to school, he must learn "the ways of industry," and till the soil; it is the old story. We know it as Japan does. We, too, have wards to be "improved."

Our Ainu party duly appeared with bag and baggage. They reported that, at their leaving, there was a gathering of the village and much weeping, since they were looked upon as dead men never again to be seen in the old home. We had learned immediately on our return to Sapporo that Bete Goro was *anxious* to go with us, but had hesitated about taking him. Goro is young, shaves, wears Europeanized, not to say Japanized, clothing. To be sure, he still wears Ainu leggings with fine embroidery. He is dreadfully conventional; instead of whittling *inao*, he knits stockings! Now, all this is highly commendable, but it is no qualification for figuring in an Ainu group at the Exposition. But, Goro was lively and happy and anxious to go. That was something, and we believed his influence would do much to cheer the somewhat morose Yazo, the timid Shirake, and the group that were mourned as dead. So we decided he should go. We should leave his wife, daughter of old Penri's widow, behind, in expectation of an event of importance to the Ainu community. Mr. Batchelor was asked to communicate the decision, and Goro was summoned to his study. A moment later Mr.

Batchelor called us to see "what ails this crazy fellow." Goro, who had seated himself upon the floor, was beside himself with joy. He hugged himself, chuckled, laughed, swayed from side to side, literally rolled upon the floor. With his accession our party was complete. Nine Ainu made up the group — old Sangyea, his wife Santukno, their little daughter Kin, Kutoroge the bear-hunter, his wife Shitrateg, and their baby girl Kiko, Yazo, his wife Shirake, and Bete Goro. We marched the whole company to the police station, where they were identified, their documents examined and passports issued permitting them to leave Japan with us.

We had, however, during this time at Sapporo, made one side trip. Piratori and the other Saru towns were so far from the railroad that it had seemed best not to bring an Ainu house from there. So we again took the railroad, passed Tomakomai and Numanohita, and got off the train at Shiraoi, a railroad town of considerable size. The part of the town along the track is Japanese. The Ainu portion, forming perhaps two-thirds of the whole town, lies between the Japanese quarter and the sea. Old Parapita had already been sent to find a house and, promptly on our arrival, the village chief Shupanram took us to the one selected. It was small, but typical; the *shem*, however, was less than of normal size, so we bought a second very small house to supply material for a *shem* of

normal proportions in Saint Louis. The two houses together cost forty yen (twenty dollars, U. S. currency) and we ordered twenty yen's worth more of thatching. The chief summoned laborers, men, women and children, the people who had been living in our house, moved out at once, and the work of demolition began. We then took a walk through the town. In some respects it is unlike the Saru River villages and is, perhaps, typical of seaside towns within reach of Japanese influence. The houses are massed quite closely together; many — most of them — are protected or sheltered by breaks or guards of bamboo, built especially at the west doorway; there was an almost complete absence of storehouses — such a conspicuous feature in the Saru villages. But there seems to be the same care in location with regard to the east and west, the same relative position of *nusa*, east window, sacred corner, and *shem*. The Ainu here are fine types. Tall, well-built men are common, one might say, the rule. The average difference of stature between males of Shiraoi and the Saru towns is certainly considerable. Mr. Batchelor tells me that the people of the northern towns near the western coast, as Ishikari, are shorter than those at Piratori. While the stature at Shiraoi is great, the heavy growth of body hair and the great beards are as at Piratori. Notwithstanding Japanese neighbors and the railroad the people at Shiraoi are conserva-

tive, and dress, ornament, utensils, and customs might be studied here as well as in some more remote villages. The life is undoubtedly influenced by the location of the village at the seashore, but we had no opportunity to study what peculiarities might be due to that. *Nusas* are fine and numerous, and there are bear skulls on many of them. Here we noticed more conspicuously than elsewhere a secondary *nusa*, or rather a little group of *inao* stuck into a hillock made of the refuse from the millet-mortar. More than ever, too, were we impressed with the coyote-like appearance of the dogs, which were here numerous.

We had observed two or three men passing, dressed in ceremonial costume and wearing crowns. Crowns with bearheads carved from wood occur here, as elsewhere, but crowns decorated with real bear claws, one or two, in place of the carved head of wood, are common. Learning that a drinking festival was in progress, we went to the place. It was truly an astonishing and impressive sight. Everything in the house was decorated with *inao* shavings. The sacred east window and the treasure corner were hung with them. Along the two sides of the fireplace were squatted eleven or twelve old men, all wearing their embroidered ceremonial costumes and their crowns. All held moustache-lifters in their hands and before some of them stood cups of millet beer. Four freshly cut *inao* were set in line west of the fireplace; next

came three skulls wrapped in *inao* shavings, in a tray; next were two high *inao* and a large bowl of millet-beer. When we entered, all the old men stroked their beards. The leader of the feast sat in the middle of the line, at the fireplace, with a bowl of millet beer before him. He went through the whole elaborate salutation to Mr. Batchelor and then to me. A second old man did the same. The master of the feast then offered to make libation and drink in Mr. Batchelor's honor, which offer was refused; a similar offer to me was refused by proxy. The feast was then resumed. Two or three young men were assisting, bringing beer, and otherwise serving. A cup of beer was passed out through the east window to someone outside, and we withdrew to see what was done there. Three blackbeards were worshiping. One took an *inao* from a pile of stakes, where it had stood and bore it to the east window; a servant, inside, passed out a bowl of beer; the carrier of the *inao*, taking the moustache-lifter that lay across the cup, dipped it and sprinkled the *inao*. He then carried this to the *nusa*, and placed it in position. The other two had remained standing at the east window; the bearer, returning, took his place between the others, one of whom now received a cup of millet beer and a moustache-stick from the man inside; he sprinkled both of his companions and spilled a little of the drink upon the ground; the second then received a cup and stick and did the same; the



third, the central one, who had placed the *inao*, then received the cup and made libation, but did not sprinkle his companions. All three then walked to the *nusa* and sprinkled drops with the moustache-stick. All of this was done with great decorum and seriousness and was accompanied by prayer. We would gladly have seen the remainder of this festival, but could not stay. The three negatives we made of it were all failures. The ceremonial was to secure fine weather; it had long been bad and a change was greatly desired. The prayers seem to have been efficacious, for the next day dawned gloriously.

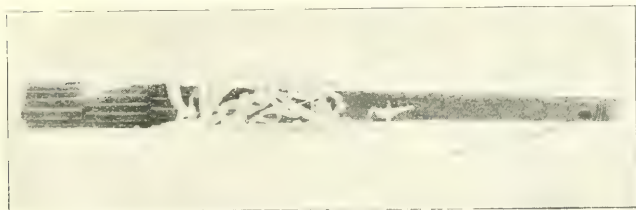
We were excellently treated by the chief, who ordered articles brought in for sale, and who at last, with extraordinary amiability, allowed us to examine the holiest of holies, the household *inao*, which stands in the extreme northeast corner of the house and ought never to be removed. It is an upright stick to which loose *inao* curls are hung, from time to time, until the mass becomes great. It represents the spirit of the house and, underneath the mass of pendant curls, a notch is cut into which a coal from the hearth, called "the heart," is bound. This was brought out for our inspection and we were even allowed to look at the place of "the heart." The coal itself was gone, though the notch, blackened by the heat, remained, and a new heart was to be inserted at the next extraordinary festival of the house. Now passing outside,

we found the house, which we had purchased, a wreck. A crowd of men, women, and children were engaged in wrapping, cording, and moving the materials to the station. It was evening, and, as we were very tired, we betook ourselves to the house of the local catechist, a Japanese, where we ate and slept.

We had brought Mr. Inagaki with us, whose services as interpreter and caretaker of the Ainu, we had been so fortunate as to secure. The people speak no English, of course, but they all know some Japanese; Mr. Inagaki speaks Japanese and English. Born in southern Japan, he is studying for the Episcopal ministry at the theological school at Tokio, where he is well thought of by Bishop McKim. His health broke down, and, forced to discontinue study for a time, he was furloughed to Yezo, where it was hoped that outdoor life would do him good. He is willing and competent. When we left in the morning, he remained to superintend the shipment of the house to Muroran, coming up to Sapporo on the afternoon train. We had been promised a war-club, but could not secure it last night, as it was in the house where the feast was in progress. In the cold, fresh, bright morning, we walked out to secure it. It was a fine old specimen, well cut, with the inset piece of iron still in place, black with the accumulated dirt and smoke of years, and tied around with fresh *inao* shavings in honor of yes-

terday's feast. At the last moment the owner repented and hesitated about selling. But we secured it and hurried in triumph to our train. There is no equally good specimen at the Tokio University, nor in the Sapporo Museum and we might look long for another so good.

At last, on Monday, March 7, all was ready, and our party — nine Ainu, one Japanese, one Mexican, and one American,—started for the train. Mr. Batchelor went with us to the station to



OLD WAR CLUB: SHIRAOI.

bid us Godspeed. Friends were gathered there, in genuine Japanese style, to see us off. Mr. Bell, a missionary friend whose acquaintance dated back to America; Mr. Fujimura, Mr. Ishikara, Professor Miyabe — all with best wishes. We were soon upon our way, and reached Muroran shortly after noon. The Maruichi Hotel was all excitement over soldiers expected in on a boat at evening. There had been stormy weather and quantities of passengers were waiting, and everything except third-class accommodations on the outgoing

boat was sold. We decided to wait and see what would be done with the steamer, which was to bring the soldiers and over which the company had no control, as it was in the power of the War Department. If it should be released we could go on it late to-night; otherwise, we must wait until to-morrow night. Mr. Batchelor had sent word of our coming to the local catechist, who had already received our freight, house and household stuff, and had shipped them for Aomori; they were already loaded and would leave upon the regular night's boat.

Having done all the business possible, we went to see an old man who had a little collection of Stone Age relics, which he had gathered at Cape Edomo, near by. There were a couple of dozen arrowheads, small, and of various forms and sizes, neatly chipped from obsidian, jasper and hornstone; there were nine celts or polished blades, with good edge, made of several kinds of heavy, compact, hard stone; one of these made of a light green material showed marks of having been sawed from a block of stone; there was also a block of this same stone showing clear signs of sawing; there were two of the saws that did such cutting, crude things but showing plain signs of use, quite large, thin splinters of a hard and tough material with one side developed into a narrow cutting edge, striated by sand grains. The old man did not much care to sell, but we desired some-

thing to represent the Stone Age of Japan, and he finally did so, at a price, which would soon lead to bankruptcy, if we continued in the market.

Who were the makers of these early relics? For some time back we have been attracted by the theories of Morse, Milne, Hitchcock and others, that there was a Pre-Ainu race in Japan, which produced these stone objects and heaped up the shell-heaps found at many places. It is indeed hard to reconcile their writings and make a harmonious whole out of their material. Still we had finally reached the conclusion that there have been three populations of Japan. *First*, the pre-Ainu aborigines, pit-dwellers, called "earth spiders," or "earth hidlers." The evidence for their existence, Morse's shell-heaps at Omori with crude pottery and signs of cannibalism, the pits so common in Yezo and unquestionably marking ancient dwelling-sites, Hitchcock's living "pit-dwellers" at Shikotan, some references in old Japanese chronicles and Ainu legends, and the fact (asserted by Basil Hall Chamberlain) of unanalyzed place-names in Yezo. *Second*, the Ainu coming from the north and penetrating far south, though ever more numerous in the north. *Third*, the Japanese coming from the south and driving the Ainu northward, coming here and there in contact with such aborigines as had escaped destruction at the hands of the Ainu.

The Ainu legends are curious. One of them

is given by Mr. Batchelor as follows: "In very ancient times a race of people who dwelt in pits lived among us. They were so very tiny that ten of them could easily take shelter beneath one burdock leaf. When they went to catch herrings they used to make boats by sewing the leaves of bamboo grass together, and always fished with a hook. If a single herring was caught it took all the men of five boats, or even ten sometimes, to hold it and drag it ashore, while crowds were required to kill it with their clubs and spears. Yet strange to say these little men used even to kill great whales. Surely, these pit-dwellers were gods."

Now, of course, we never believed in any such *Koropok-guru*. But we had been impressed by the arguments and we had been greatly interested, at Yokohama, in a chart or diagram, which a friend had shown us, in which a reconstruction of the life of this "earliest race of Japan" was attempted. We were especially astonished at the detailed information regarding the dress of the *Koropok guru*, which the chart seemed to show. Later, in Tokio, at the University, Prof. Tsuboi showed us some ancient clay figures of human beings and it was clear that the author of the chart had gained his ideas of dress from these. And in the presence of this instructive chart and the evidence shown me by this learned Professor my first doubts regarding their theory arose. Surely the shell-heaps, the crude pottery, the stone tools, and



the old pit-houses were never made by people, who dressed as those represented in these figures. To-day, we feel somewhat skeptical with reference to the whole theory of a pre-Ainu race. Hitchcock's pit dwellers of Shikotan are Ainu pure and simple. In some Ainu towns, particularly in Saghalien, individuals to-day make pit-houses. Mr. Batchelor claims now to be able to analyze all Yezo place-names; we tried him on twenty taken consecutively from a chance part of Chamberlain's lists and he explained all to our satisfaction. There is good evidence that the Ainu have known the art of pottery and in their legends references are made to the practice of cannibalism (points important against Prof. Morse's argument). While still open to argument, we now incline to consider the Ainu the aboriginal population of Japan. Various other elements undoubtedly exist among the population, especially Corean, but on the whole there have been but two widespread populations — Ainu and Japanese — and for us these old stone relics from Cape Edomo are Ainu things.

The war steamer came at evening with six hundred men and thirty officers. The latter all came to the Maruichi Hotel and we were all confusion. To our disappointment we learned that the War Department would retain the vessel and that no passengers could be taken. As suddenly as they had come and with no information as to their further movements, the soldiers and officers left

at nine o'clock and we were again in peace. We were told that another steamer was expected in the early morning and that we might possibly get off on it instead of waiting until night. Expecting that we might be called at six we went at once to bed. Suddenly, we were roused from our slumber, and, after hastily dressing, were hustled down to the shore, from which we were rowed out through the darkness to the Taconoura Maru. To our surprise we found that it was now but eleven o'clock and were soon again in bed. We started in the early morning and were at Hakodate in time to hear the noon gun, leaving again at two o'clock. Goro, our happy Goro, and two of the women were seasick. Up to Hakodate we had plenty of room and all was comfortable, but at that port many passengers embarked and the whole ship was disagreeably crowded. It was too cold to stay on deck much, but we could see as we sailed along the Yezo coast that there was much less snow than when we made our up-journey. It was cold and rainy when, at nine o'clock, we anchored in Aomori harbor and were landed, amid hubbub and confusion, by the little boat. The next day we found that the annual snow-cleaning was in progress and everywhere the great drifts in the streets were being cut down. We saw, too, what had been unimagined in our earlier visit, that every street has an open waterway for carrying off the melting snow. We stayed at Aomori long enough

to reship our freight and took two nights instead of one on our way to Tokio, stopping off some hours, between trains, at Sendai. Railroad operations had been affected somewhat by the movement of troops and supplies. Not only were there fewer trains, but running time was longer, thirty-six hours instead of twenty between Aomori and Tokio.

At Tokio, young Mr. Yamada, from Mr. Clement's school, met us at the station and told us that arrangements for board and lodging had been made for the Ainu at a place near the school. He also said: "The boys will invite the Ainu people to our house to-night." This we really did not understand until near evening Mr. Clement told us that the boys were arranging a reception and that we were all invited. It is the school's custom to hold some social function every Saturday evening. At half past seven, Madam Clement, Mr. Clement, Mr. Root, Manuel and I went to the school assembly room, where the boys were gathered. At the proper time the Ainu appeared, dressed in their new Japanese garments (the first purchases with their month's advance) and were seated together upon a bench half facing the audience. We were given chairs of honor in front, to the left of the leader. The boys of the school, to the number of about thirty, and Mr. Inagaki formed the audience. The program and idea of the reception were entirely original to the boys.

The reception was opened by prayer and a religious song; an address of welcome was then given by one of the older boys and Yazo gave a response; the boys then sang a religious song in Japanese and Goro one in Ainu; the boys followed with one or two addresses and Kutoroge was given his turn — he became stage-frightened and had to be represented by Yazo. The orator of the day, a graduate of the school and now attending the Methodist college, then made a brilliant address, which abounded in pathetic and emotional passages, and was well-received; as this was plainly addressed to me, he was asked to make an English translation, in which the oratory lost something, but the meaning was clear enough — “he recognizes that in the past the treatment of the Ainu by his own people has not always been what it should, but that the sympathy and love of the boys of the school goes with the Ainu in their long journey; that they hope I will treat them well and see that others do the same; that they hope for their safe return; be good to the Ainu.” To all of which I made a brief response, thanking the boys for their interest and sympathy and for their thoughtful and hearty way of showing them. After singing a final hymn, they passed around little sacks of cakes to each boy as his part of the feast. Meantime the Ainu and I were taken to a table, which we just filled when we sat down together, with me at the head. We were then bountifully served by the boys to tea and

cakes. At the beginning the Ainu were a little restrained, but when they found that the supply was ample, they not only ate and drank astonishingly well, but laid by for future needs, as if they doubted whether so good a chance would come again. The other guests, though treated with less distinguished consideration were not neglected. When we left the boys saw us off with lighted lanterns and we felt that their reception had been a great success.

Mr. Inagaki was deeply touched and must have painted the reception in glowing colors, because an invitation came for the Ainu to visit St. Margaret's Girls School on Monday afternoon. I was overwhelmed with work and had to go to Yokohama in the morning. However taking the noon train for Tokio, and hastening from the station to Tsukiji, I was at the school by the appointed hour. But it was a case of the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Bishop McKim, Mr. Tucker, the Japanese principal, Mr. Inagaki, and one hundred and sixty Japanese girls were there and waiting; but the Ainu did not come. We waited, and waited, and to fill the time I told the girls something about Ainu life. At last we gave it up and the affair was postponed until the morrow. Inquiry found that they had not come because Shirake had a cold! The next day all except the invalid were present and the affair was reported to have been a great success. I was unable to be present.

Japan is up to date and the newspaper reporter knows his business. Though we were far from the centre of the city and had been quiet in our movements, the presence of the Ainu in the city and their location were announced in one of the papers. The result was that Tuperek appeared. And who was Tuperek? Old Sangyea's son. We had never heard of him before and it was a long time since his father had heard from him. He had seen the newspaper notice and called and had an affecting interview. He is shrewd and knows something of white men as well as of Japanese. He is employed upon one of the "yellow journals" of Tokio. For some time he lived with Mr. Batchelor and, perhaps under his influence, has been stimulated to write a book of Ainu stories, which he plans to publish. He is a well-grown, strongly-built fellow of perhaps thirty years; he dresses in Japanese costume and shaves, but the heavy stubble on his face and the straight eyes are Ainu. The night before the party left for Yokohama he called upon us with his father; he begged to be taken to the Exposition; as they sat upon the floor before us, they wept as they pleaded. We ventured various objections, for all of which he had an answer. There was no time to get his passport and other documents; he would secure them and come along upon the next boat. He could not get into America, without us; oh, yes! he was connected with the Salvation Army, it could





AINU IN CEREMONIAL DRESS: SHIRAOI.

easily arrange that matter. As for his appearance, he knew that it was against him but he still had an Ainu costume and his beard would soon grow!

In the morning, we took the party to Yokohama, leaving them with Mr. Inagaki, to see the company's doctor and the wharf doctor, to be inspected, bathed and fumigated and to secure their certificates for embarkation; a full day was none too much. As for us, between tickets and baggage, arranging for the shipment of the house and household stuff, and a hundred other things, we were kept swinging between Tokio and Yokohama. But at last all was done and on the morning of March 18, our whole party were aboard the *Empress of Japan*, upon which a little separate steerage had been rigged up for the Ainu where we believed they would be happier and more secluded than in the common steerage. On the voyage all were seasick except the two older men and the two babies. They probably suffered keenly. At all events, we are told that the words they use in describing their sufferings are of the most emphatic.

On the night of the 28th of March, we had the usual entertainment in the cabin. There were many Japanese passengers upon the list and, besides the usual music and recitations, we were favored with some Japanese sleight-of-hand performances, and an instrumental solo on a strange Japanese wind instrument. The proceeds of the sale of souvenir programs were to be given to the

Japanese fund for wounded soldiers. As evidence of their appreciation of this act, the Japanese at the close of the program distributed souvenirs to all the other passengers,— a pretty fan, a bit of silk, a piece of lacquer. We were invited to contribute a part to the program by bringing in the Ainu and making an address about them. The address was well received but gave occasion to a little sparring. We did not see the program until it was printed and then found that we were announced to present a “short description of the Aino, followed by an Aino bear-dance by three of the tribe on board.” Our people were in ceremonial dress and made a fine appearance. We described the physical type, the tattooing, the dress and the salutations, after which Sangyea and Kutoroge gave a *yukara* and we made some remarks about the problem of Ainu origin and relationship.

Had we seen the program, we should not have permitted the word *Aino* to appear upon it; nor should we have allowed announcement of a “bear-dance” of which we never heard. It is true that there is dancing at bear-feasts but that is different from having a dance that is called a bear-dance. As to the name of our people it is not Aino, but *Ainu*, which is a word in their own language meaning man. The Ainu are “men” — i. e. *the* men. It is a common thing for people in a certain stage of culture to name themselves in this way. The Eskimo call themselves *innuit*, “man”; the Moki

Indians of Arizona, call themselves *hopi*, "men"; and the Delaware Indians called themselves *leni-lenape*, "men of men." The word *Aino* is neither an Ainu nor a Japanese word; it approaches the Japanese word *ino*, "dog," and there is no doubt that this similarity shades the word when used by the Japanese, to whom the Ainu often are as "dogs" and who have a legend that the Ainu are really the offspring of a woman and a dog. From the Ainu point of view the word *Aino* is a reproach and they resent it. While it occurs in many books, there is already ample authority in practice for using the proper form *Ainu*, which should absolutely supplant the other. The matter is of sufficient importance to have called for government ruling and in official documents *Ainu* is to-day *de rigueur*. In calling attention to this matter, we inadvertently offended both English and Japanese passengers, who had worded the program.

The *yukara* are curious and interesting but are rarely, if ever, mentioned in the books. They are ancient war-songs and we only knew that a manuscript collection of them exists in the library at Mito. On inquiring of our men, we learned that they knew many *yukara*, so one day upon the voyage we went down to hear our first one. Kutoroge was singer; Sangyea beat the time. They seated themselves side by side upon the floor. Kutoroge began to sing in a low voice; single words

were long drawn out and interrupted with curious throat gurglings; the singing of a single line of words was a matter of time and great apparent effort. Sangyea struck one stick against another, and from time to time gave a cry as if to excite the other's courage. Kutoroge grew louder and the encouragement was more frequent and pronounced, until both were wrought up to a considerable pitch of excitement.

It was after sunset, on March 29th, that we sighted land. The line of hills was but dimly visible in the low hanging evening haze. Our people were all below but we called them to the deck. It took a moment for the first-comers to recognize what we were showing them, but then their cries, not at all loud, brought up the others promptly. Sangyea first and then Kutoroge ceremoniously seated themselves facing the shore and in silence rubbed their hands, waved them, and stroked their beards, in thanksgiving and worship. Having made this usual salutation, they raised their hands into the air with the palms toward the land line and though we could not hear their voices, we believe they prayed.

At daylight we were plowing through the waters of the Sound. From Victoria a few hours brought us to Vancouver, where everything amused and interested our people. Inspected by one physician at Victoria, by another at Vancouver, and by a third in the office of the United States Immigra-

tion Bureau on the Vancouver dock, they must have wondered what it all meant. We are sure ~~we~~ did and we do not hesitate to say that of all foolish pretense at science these inspections deserve the premium. We refrain from detailing their method, but will only say that each of the three pursued a different procedure and that the third one examined only the eyes. They were all three personally polite and kind, but the whole thing is a farce. The immigration officers, among whom we found a friend, Colonel Albert Whyte, were most polite and put us to as little trouble and delay as possible. After our immigration certificates were issued we waited some little time for the Doctor and as the people were extremely tired they seated themselves in the office. Little Kiko was hungry and Shutrateg, like a good mother, was doing her natural duty by the baby. The Secretary of the Japanese Consul had come in to see the Ainu; he was all smiles and friendliness until he saw Shutrateg and the baby. His rebuke was vigorous and probably the poor woman was warned against future public care of her baby. The Japanese are all fearful lest we shall make the error of thinking that the Ainu are their ancestors or that we shall suppose the Japanese culture has come out from Ainu! This sensitiveness we have seen on many occasions.

We were obliged to spend two nights in Vancouver. The first night we left the people on the steamer, taking them on shore, however, for a





SHUTRATEK.

walk in the early evening. Many things interested them, but nothing more than a stuffed elk in a corner window. Kutoroge looked at it from every point of view, then heaved a sigh and asked where such were found alive. We gestured expansively that they lived in all the country around. He shook his head expressively and said he'd like to hunt such deer as that.

In the morning all were removed to one of the Japanese hotels, after which we went down to pass the United States Customs Inspection. The great horses that we met, so unlike the little stocky animals of Japan, were an unfailing delight to the men, who wanted to examine them and caress them but were afraid of them, scared at their least movement. When we had passed the Customs, the morning was quite gone and Mr. Mayo, the Inspector, invited the whole party to the dog show in the afternoon. It was really a good show and certainly a thing the Ainu had never dreamed of. On the whole they were greatly pleased, but Shirake, frightened at the movement of so many animals and the noise of so much barking, burst into tears and cried as if her heart would break. After the dog show we sent them out to Stanley Park, that magnificent bit of a primeval forest set apart for a people's playground, with Manuel and Mr. Inagaki. Near evening we went after them and found them a picture of content. The women and children were sitting and playing on the grass,

while the men were swinging, with childish delight. They had been greatly pleased with the living animals in the cages; we tried to convince Kutoroge that the grizzly bear was, as the books say, the same as he knows in Japan, but he insisted that the Yezo bears were different from any of those here in captivity.

We had been invited to be guests of the local Japanese mission, conducted by Mr. Kaburagi, who was educated in the United States. Both he and his wife speak excellent English. The gathering took place in the mission rooms in the evening. Among the half-dozen whites who were guests were Prof. Odum and Colonel and Mrs. Whyte. Prof. Odum is the President of the local scientific and historical society and has been in Yezo. Years before A. Henry Savage Landor made his journey around the island, of which he makes such boast in his sadly inaccurate "Alone with the Hairy Ainu," Prof. Odum had gone over the same ground in much saner fashion. It was a great pleasure to him to again see Ainu, the people with whose homes he had once been familiar and into whose language he had made some translations. The room in which we were gathered was suited to a gathering, perhaps of two hundred persons; if so, there must have been three hundred present, mostly young Japanese men. The leader is a natural orator and a man of energy. A definite program had been arranged between

him and Mr. Inagaki. Yazo spoke of Ainu agriculture, Goro of dress and ornament and tattooing, Kutoroge told of the bear-hunt. Prof. Odlum was called upon and briefly expressed his sympathy with Japan in her war and referred to his own experiences in Yezo. I then spoke in English of Ainu life and customs, having Kin and Kiko show



MANUEL AND KIKO: SALUTATION OF THANKS.

salutation, thanks, and petition, which captured the audience, and the old men gave a *yukara*. This trick of Kin and Kiko is one which Manuel discovered and has a bit developed. On shipboard, when we carried lumps of sugar or fruits or cakes down to the children, as we did every afternoon,

we insisted on their standing to receive them. On seeing the gift, the little hand was raised and the finger drawn across the upper lip, then the two hands were crossed one on the other, palms up, just in front of the body, when the gift was laid upon them. It was very pretty, particularly when done by little Kiko. Rarely have we seen such general interest and close attention as this crowd of young Japanese gave throughout our little entertainment. At its close they showered gifts upon the Ainu. The men each received a dollar; each woman received cloth for a dress; the children were given toys and bonbons. To the party collectively was given a great box of cakes. The plan had been to give Japanese cakes, as those to which they were accustomed, but the crafty creatures had expressed a preference for American cakes! Loaded down with gifts and completely tired — a Customs House Inspection, a Dog Show, a Park Picnic, and an Evening Entertainment all in one day! — they went home.

Of course, we everywhere attracted crowds. In Japan these crowds were never troublesome. In Vancouver fifty persons would gather immediately on our stopping on the streets, but it was the best behaved street crowd we have ever seen in a city of white people. In Seattle it was less tolerant, but only once was anything absolutely unpleasant said. In Saint Louis there was more rudeness, but nowhere was there so much as we

had dreaded. From Seattle to Saint Louis, at almost every station passed during the daytime, people crowded to see the Ainu and asked their questions and made their comments but all good-naturedly. Several adventures with drunken men upon the car took place, but these poor fellows were usually bubbling over with goodwill and were only troublesome in their well-meant advances of kindness. Both at stations and in the cars meetings with Indians took place and it was curious to see the mutual close inspection. On the whole the Ainu took the inspection well and sometimes reciprocated fully. At Fort Sheridan, Wyoming, negro soldiers were at the station. Kutoroge was greatly excited and examined them closely. He finally asked us whether the color was temporary or permanent, and then wanted to know whether it was generally distributed over the body or confined to the face and hands.

At Seattle, on account of a bad arrangement of trains we had almost twenty-four hours to wait. Here the men were much interested in the totem-pole set up in the city and inquired about its use and the Indians, who made it. We rode over one of the great inclined cable-lines; they were a little timid and quiet on the way up, but when we came coursing down, their joy was great. Kutoroge and Goro, in particular, clapped their hands like children, jumped up and down and shouted with delight.



We were hours late in reaching Saint Louis. Mr. Hulbert was at the station waiting for our arrival and at once secured a great coach to take us in state to the Exposition grounds, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon of April 6th, the group being temporarily located in the Government Indian School building. We were pressed for time; work began at the University on the 1st of April and we must reach Chicago as soon as possible. So we told the Ainu that our time for separation had come and wished them happiness. Kutoroge hastily ransacked the luggage and drew out a wooden tray with carved decoration, which he presented us on behalf of the party as a token of their affection. All followed us to the door and stood upon the topmost step; tears filled their eyes and all were sobbing; they rubbed their hands and waved them in the air and the old men stroked their beards. When almost out of sight we turned and saw them all standing as before, weeping and waving their partings.

Upon my tray are carved designs, graceful curves, fillings of criss-cross lines. The Ainu is a great carver of wooden articles and all he carves he decorates. Trays, cigarette holders, knife-handles, tobacco-boxes, pipe-holders, moustache-sticks, sheaths for knives and swords, spoons — all of these are decorated with good designs. Only one student has, so far, made a serious study of

Ainu art, Dr. H. Schurtz, of Bremen, Germany. In a complete study one must investigate not only the designs cut in wood, but also the patterns embroidered on dress and the figures tattooed upon the arms and hands of women. Almost all the Ainu patterns are highly conventionalized and many of them are derived from original animal representations. On the whole Ainu art appears to be notably independent and characteristic.

Some Italian anthropologists use the terms *centripetal* and *centrifugal* in regard to races. A centripetal people is one whose customary movements are toward the person of the actor, not away from him. Dr. McGee was particularly interested in securing a group of Ainu, because they have the reputation of being distinctly centripetal, perhaps the most so of any people. We had hoped to find strong evidence of this character, but cannot claim to have been very successful. It is true that the salutations are of that kind; the hand-wavings and beard-strokings are not expansive, outward movements, but toward the person. The knife in cutting is frequently, perhaps generally, drawn toward the cutter. These were the only centripetal facts which we observed. The method of singing the *yukara*, as already described, is very peculiar; possibly it will come into this category. Landor, whom we rarely care to quote, says something in this direction, which may be sound: "More interesting to me than their physical char-

acters, were their movements and attitudes, which I was able to study and note correctly without their observation. For instance, when Ainu try to move some heavy body they pull it toward them; thus, when they drag their dugouts and canoes on shore, and again when they launch them, they never push from them but pull toward them. If an Ainu has to break a stick planted in the ground he does it by pulling it; whereas a Japanese will push it. Again in pulling a rope the Ainu pull; the Japanese push, by placing the rope over one shoulder and walking in the direction wanted. In a crowd, where a Japanese would push his way through by extending his arms and thus separating people, the Ainu seizes a man on each side, pulling one to the right and the other to the left, till space for him to pass is made." Now, if these are correct observations and we are inclined to accept them as such, they illustrate the centripetal nature of the Ainu and the centrifugal nature of the Japanese.

The physical characters of the Ainu and the Japanese differ profoundly. The Ainu present a peculiar and strongly marked type. On the whole they are short; Batchelor gives 5 ft. 4 in. as the average stature for men and 5 ft. 1½ in. or 5 ft. 2 in. as the average for women. It is true, however, that stature varies considerably with locality — the men of Shiraoi being relatively tall and well built, those of Piratori medium, and those of Ishikari smaller and badly developed. The Ainu skin,

though dark, is white, not yellow or brown; the color appears darker than it really is because the Ainu rarely bathe. The hair is abundant both on the body and the head, and is wavy; the color is commonly black, though it may be dark-brown or even reddish; like wavy hair everywhere, it presents an elliptical, not a circular, cross-section. The beard in males is strong and abundant. The features are those of the white race rather than the yellow; the nose is prominent and well formed, the mouth is strong; the lips firm. The eyes are brown, sometimes even light brown. Mark these characters well; compare them with those of the Japanese. How profound the difference. The white skin, abundant body hair and beard, the hair wavy and of elliptical section, the horizontal eye full of expression and fire, the features combined into a strong relief — these are in strong contrast to the yellow-brown skin, hairless face and body, straight and round hair, oblique eyes and flat face of the Japanese. In all these respects in which the Ainu differs so profoundly from the Japanese, he resembles us, the whites of European race.

They are often called “the hairy Ainu” and we consider the term just. It is true that their proximity to the smooth-bodied yellow Asiatics has made their hairiness conspicuous by contrast. It is true that many writers, who have spoken of “fur” and “missing links,” have overstated facts; but it is also true that notably hairy bodies

are the rule among the males. Individual Russians are no doubt common, who are as hairy as the average Ainu, but we believe firmly that taken *en masse* the Ainu are more hairy than the Russians, and probably the hairiest people on the globe. Of course, the Ghiliaks, living on the Asiatic mainland and undoubtedly related with them, present the same peculiarity. Hitchcock gives a lot of excellent data in regard to Ainu hairiness.

As different are the Japanese and Ainu in language. Years ago, Basil Hall Chamberlain drew up a detailed comparison between the two, pointing out fifteen points of difference, and he might have extended the list indefinitely. Nor are the differences he indicates of trifling significance. On the contrary they are vital and concern the most important constructional matters. Thus, in the Ainu, verbs have true passive forms like those of European languages, the Japanese in its most earnest effort to express a passive cannot get rid of an active viewpoint; the Ainu has many reflective verbs, the Japanese has none; "Ainu pronouns are used at every turn like the pronouns of modern European languages," Japanese has no real and simple pronouns; in Ainu "honorifics" are lacking, in Japanese they abound. Mr. Batchelor's little *Grammar of the Ainu Language* is interesting reading, even if it does not convince the reader that Ainu is an "Aryan language." Years ago the Japanese government of the Hokkaido pub-

lished Mr. Batchelor's *A Dictionary of the Ainu*, now long out of print. During the time that has since elapsed he had added enormously to the work and his present manuscript represents the labor of a quarter of a century. It is now complete and ought to be printed without delay. As long as it remains in manuscript it is in danger; once lost, it could never be replaced, even by the author, for the use of Ainu as a speech is passing.

Who are the Ainu? Where did they come from? What is their past? They are surely a white people, not a yellow. They are more our brothers, though they live so far away, than brothers of the Japanese, to whom, in place, they are so near. That is not to say that all men are not brothers; our meaning we think clear. We, white men, are fond of assuming an air of great superiority, when we speak of other peoples. We take it for granted that all white men are better than any red ones, or black ones, or yellow ones. Yet here we find a *white race that has struggled and lost!* It has proved inferior in life's battle to the more active, energetic, progressive, yellow people, with which it has come in contact. It may be that the Ainu are but a little fragment of a once wide-spread Asiatic white race. The Ghiliaks, the Mao-tse ("hairy") of China, some small populations of southeastern Asia and the curious non-aggressive Todas of India with their great beards and strange customs, may be other fragments of



that same old population. We cannot assert it; study and comparison will be necessary before the assertion would be warranted; but we believe such comparison may prove what we suggest. Should it do so, that old white race was broken and submerged by a great flood of active yellow Asiatics,



HOUSE IN DEMOLITION: SHIRAOI.

who pressed eastward from their old home, perhaps in Mesopotamia.

Our poor Ainu longed for their house, which was slow in coming. When it, at last, arrived they were astonishingly prompt in rearing it. The tra-

ditional method of construction was followed and a feast celebrated its completion. Unfortunately, we could not be present, but a week later a post-rehearsal was given for our benefit. The Saint Louis house consists of the main eastern part, and the western *shem*; these are separated to give better circulation of air and the passage between them is roofed over; a curtain of matting hangs in the west doorway; the ground is covered with mattings and the walls are hung with them; there are the usual east and south windows, fireplace, and treasure corner. At the feast Sangyea officiated as the head of the house, Santukno, as his wife, assisting. They were seated to the north of the fireplace; the rest of the household were to the south; the guests of consequence were seated upon fine mattings to the east of the fireplace; others sat along the north and west sides. When all were seated the *inao* to the fire-goddess were placed; then the other *inao* of the house were put in their proper places. Kutoroge next made the new fire for the hearth, not with matches but with the ancient flint and steel, the spark being caught in tinder in a sort of horn or cup; as soon as the spark was caught, a piece of dried elm-root was fitted into the opening of this receptacle, and vigorously sucked at the upper end until the whole lower end, in contact with the lighted tinder, was in a glow, when the fire was started with it. The treasures were then located in their corner and the *inao* guar-

dian of the house set up. All now went outside while Yazō placed the roof *inao*. Next the *nusa* was constructed to the east of the house, before the sacred window, while Sangyea prayed. Returning to the house cups and moustache-sticks were produced. Goro filled the cups and Sangyea made an offering to the east and to the *inao* of the fireplace, drank half the cup, giving the rest to Santukno; drink was now served to all the members of the household and to the guests. Then for the first time in the new home the women pounded millet in the mortar, singing songs without words to time the pounding. The younger men then threw beans to the little children, to the household and to the guests, after which millet-cakes were served. When all was ended the house-master expressed his appreciation of the interest of the guests as shown by their presence.

The house truly presented a gay showing of *inao*. Those for the fireplace are called *chi e horo ka kep*. There were four of them in line at the east end of the fireplace; the top end is four-cleft and there are two tufts of shavings at different heights; in the upper tuft were three small bunches, neatly curled; in the lower tuft, were two bunches; in shaving these the movement is downward and toward the cutter; the bark is left on the lower part of the sticks; these *inao* should be burned after the ceremony. The *chise kero inao* were two in number, one to the north, the other to the

south, of the fireplace; they are cut squarely across at the upper end and tapered gradually below; no bark is left upon them; they are for the household god and, after the ceremony should be placed with it in the northeast corner. *Inao kike*, loose shaving curls, were hung at the entrance and at the sides of the two windows; when evil people look in at the window, where these are located, the god strikes them in the face; only evil people *will* look in at a window. Great *inao*, with beautifully curled masses of shavings, called *kike parase* were fastened — one at the south window, one somewhat larger at the east window, another still larger on the roof beam above the south end of the fireplace; those at the windows are to keep away evil spirits and ghosts; that bound to the beam is dedicated to the god who holds up the house; the two on the roof, at the ends of the ridge-pole were of the same kind and were to ward off harm from winds and evil birds. *Chise koro inao* is a name used only while that kind of an *inao* is at the fireplace; when it is elsewhere it is called *kike chinoc*; the shaving curls of which it is composed may be twisted together into cords giving it an entirely peculiar and different appearance. Most important of all, however, is the *inao netobe*; this is the one at the extreme northeast corner of the room, and, even for our inspection the people were unwilling to bring it out, though they showed it to me in its place, in full detail; the top end is

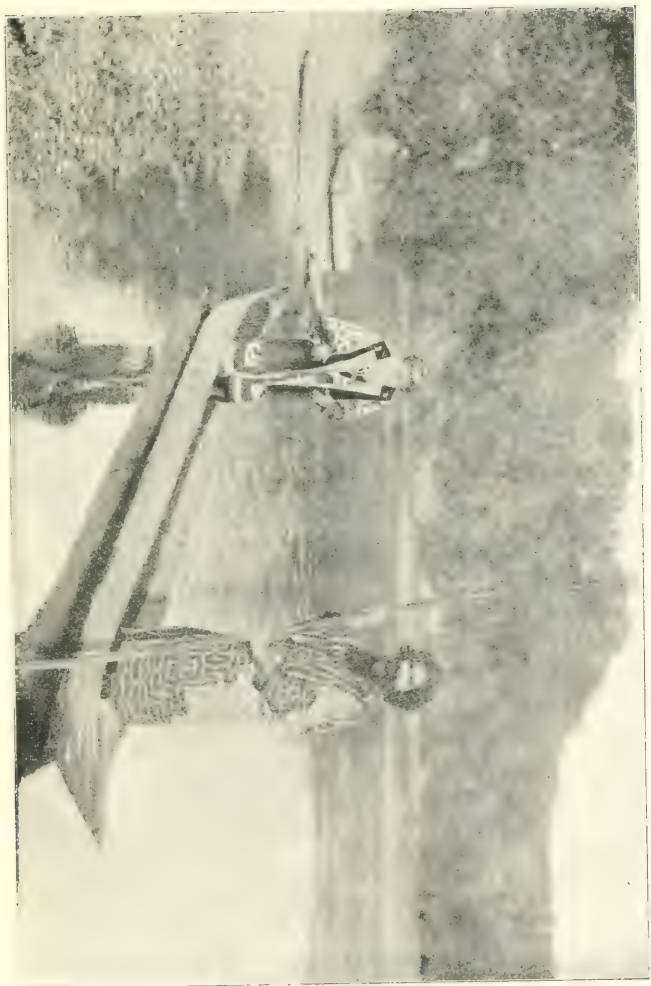


GREAT INAO: KIKE PARASE.

cut obliquely at a single stroke, and the resulting slope is called "the face"; the bark is left on and in it three notches are cut, at each of three levels, around the stick, nine in all; cords of *kike inao* are tied around this stick and rest upon these notches, as supports; these cords bind in place pendant *kike*; as new household festivals occur new *kike* are added until a great bunch of them is formed; under this mass of pendant shavings the coal from the hearth is bound; a little arrow or spear is laid among the shavings and a miniature sword is bound to the upright; this *inao* represents the very spirit of the house, and while it ought never to be moved during the lifetime of the house, it should be destroyed if the house is deserted. The *nusa* to the east of the house consisted of twenty sticks of which twelve were long, eight short. The longer ones consist of support sticks to which *kike parase* were lashed, both support and *inao* being cut to neat sloping surfaces for fitting. The shorter sticks were cut with a single sloping stroke, giving a "face," which was slit across with one cut, "the mouth"; in each mouth *inao* shavings were thrust. The shorter sticks are said to be merely ornamental; the longer ones are sacred. The one to the left is the moon, the next the wells, next bears, the rest are mountains in which bears are hunted.

In Yezo, when an Ainu has been away from the village and returns, his home-coming is made a





AINU IN CANOE: SARU RIVER.

public occasion. All the people gather, someone being their spokesman. He and the traveller seat themselves facing. He who has been away begins to sing, narrating his adventures, telling where he has been and what he has seen and done. Presently he stops and the other begins to sing the happenings of the village during the traveller's absence from home. So they sing, alternating, until both stories are completed. When our Ainu group returns, they will be received as those who were dead and have returned; what a many things the poor fellows will have to sing of the people and the places they have seen so far away from their home villages in the Saru River valley.

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